

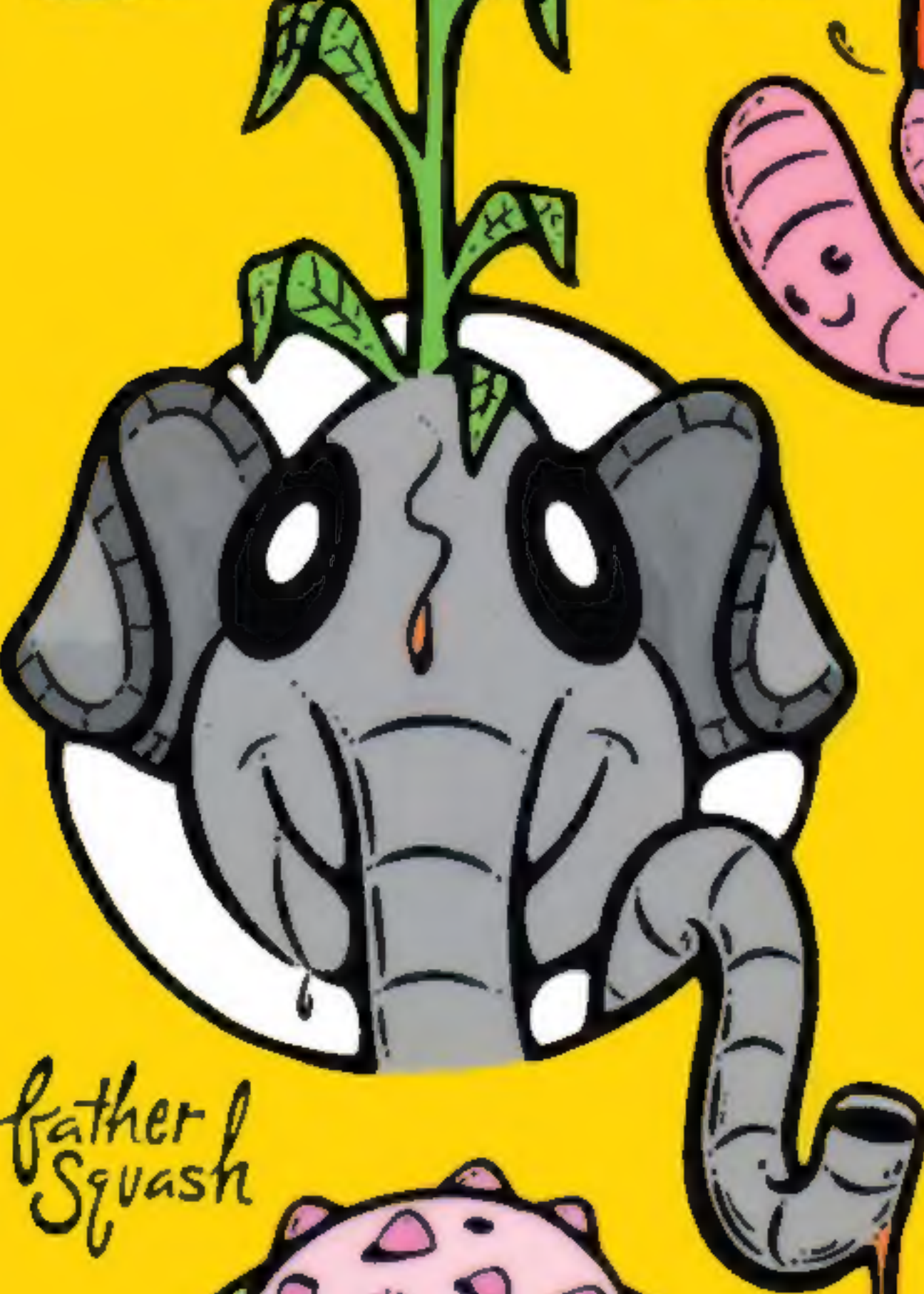
"A CRYPTIC PILGRIMAGE TO THE NUCLEUS OF JOY"

PIE

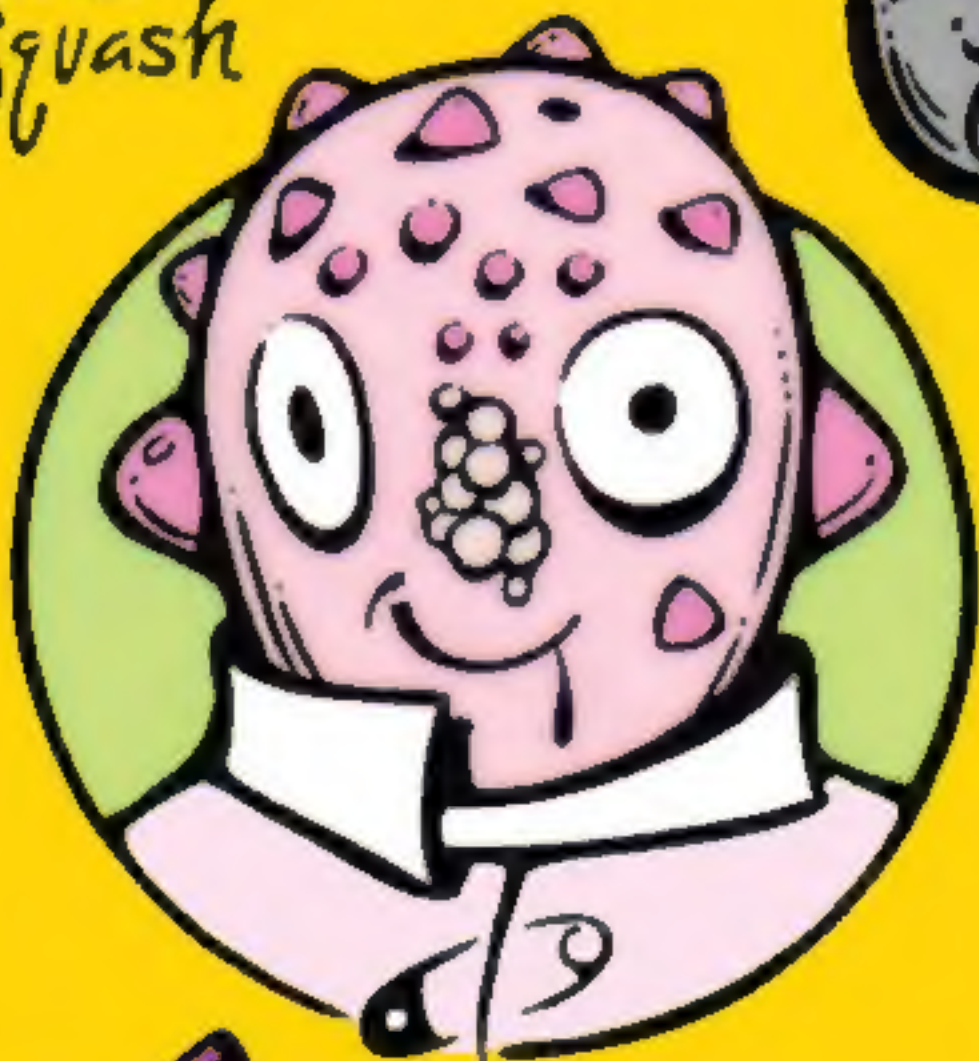


By
STEVEN
CERIO

With...



father
Squash



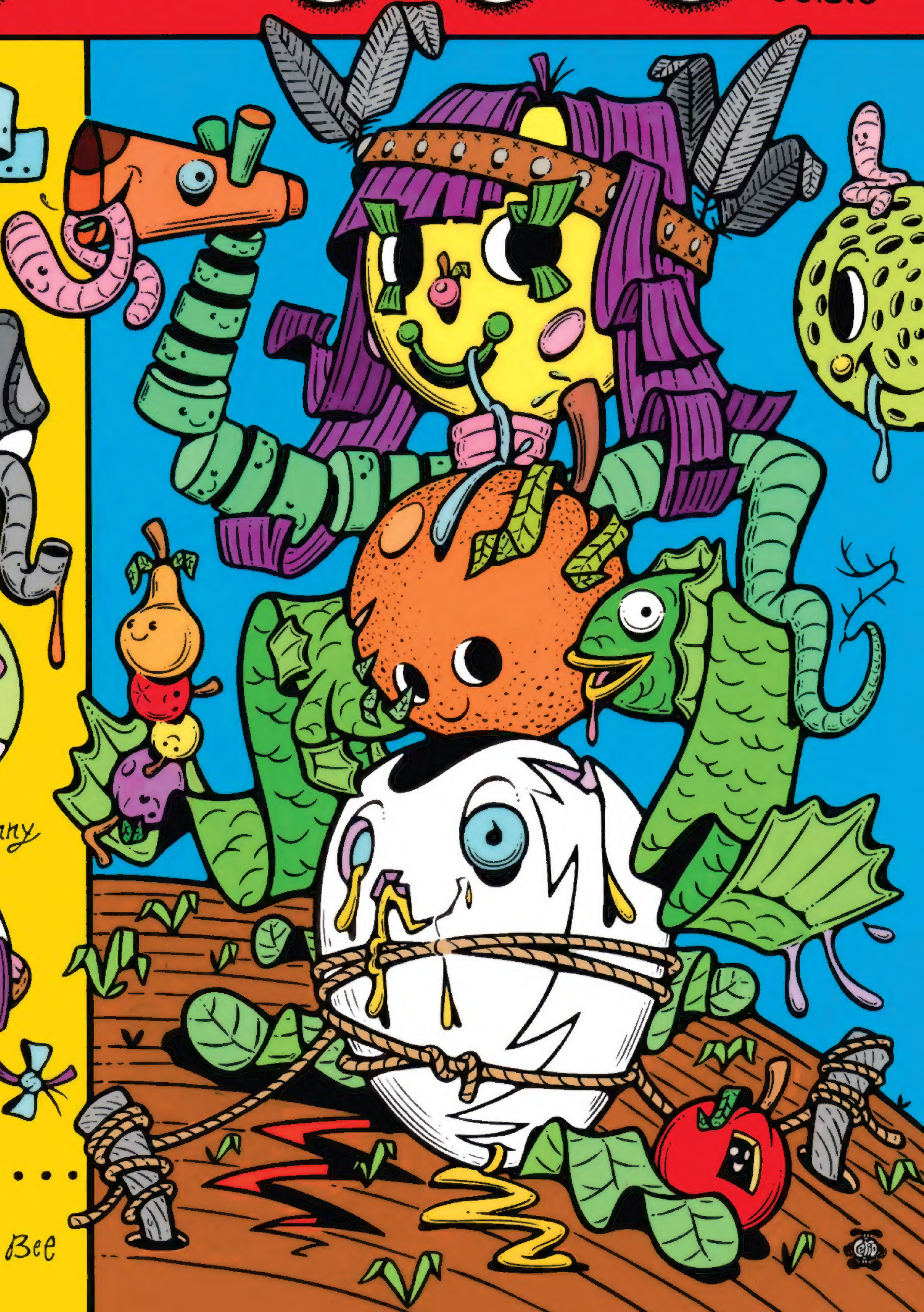
Ninny

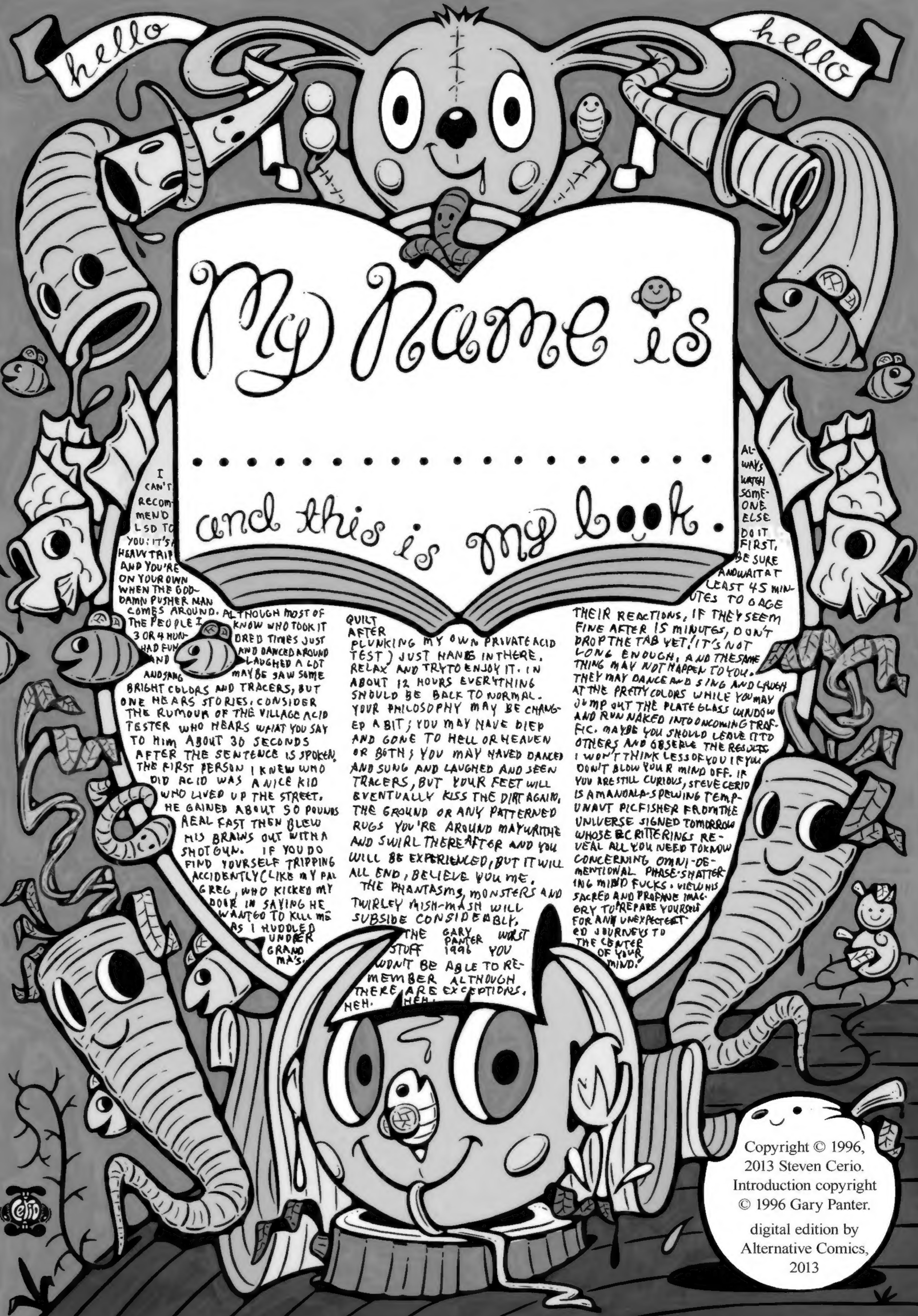


Weatherette



a Bee





hello

hello

My Name is

and this is my book.

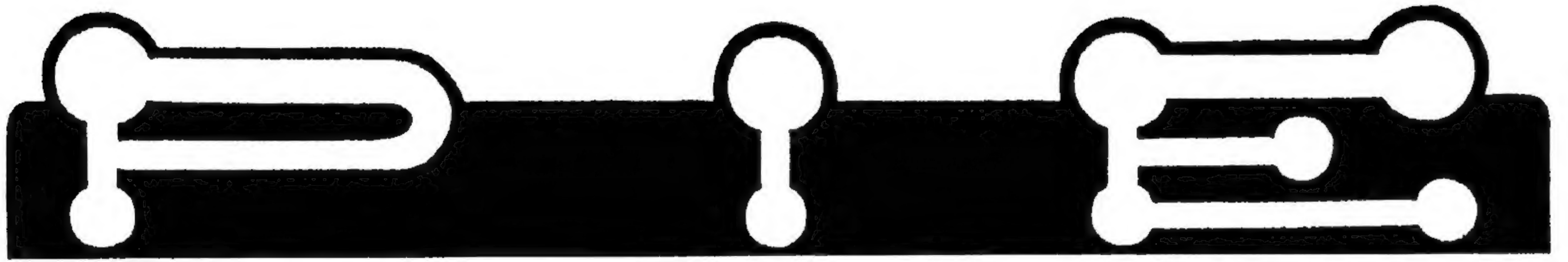
I CAN'T RECOMMEND LSD TO YOU: IT'S A HEAVY TRIP AND YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN WHEN THE GOD-DAMN PUSHER MAN COMES AROUND. ALTHOUGH MOST OF THE PEOPLE I KNOW WHO TOOK IT DROPPED TIMES JUST AND DANCED AROUND LAUGHED A LOT MAYBE SAW SOME BRIGHT COLORS AND TRACERS, BUT ONE HEARS STORIES. CONSIDER THE RUMOUR OF THE VILLAGE ACID TESTER WHO HEARS WHAT YOU SAY TO HIM ABOUT 30 SECONDS AFTER THE SENTENCE IS SPOKEN. THE FIRST PERSON I KNEW WHO DID ACID WAS A NICE KID WHO LIVED UP THE STREET. HE GAINED ABOUT 50 POUNDS REAL FAST THEN BLEW HIS BRAINS OUT WITH A SHOTGUN. IF YOU DO FIND YOURSELF TRIPPING ACCIDENTALLY LIKE MY PAL GREG, WHO KICKED MY DOOR IN SAYING HE WANTED TO KILL ME AS I HUDDLED UNDER GRAND MA'S.

QUILT AFTER PLUNKING MY OWN PRIVATE ACID TEST) JUST HANGS IN THERE. RELAX AND TRY TO ENJOY IT. IN ABOUT 12 HOURS EVERYTHING SHOULD BE BACK TO NORMAL. YOUR PHILOSOPHY MAY BE CHANGED A BIT; YOU MAY HAVE DIED AND GONE TO HELL OR HEAVEN OR BOTH; YOU MAY HAVE DANCED AND SUNG AND LAUGHED AND SEEN TRACERS, BUT YOUR FEET WILL EVENTUALLY KISS THE DIRT AGAIN. THE GROUND OR ANY PATTERNED RUGS YOU'RE AROUND MAY WRITE AND SWIRL THEREAFTER AND YOU WILL BE EXPERIENCED, BUT IT WILL ALL END, BELIEVE YOU ME. THE PHANTASMS, MONSTERS AND TWIRLEY MISH-MASH WILL SUBSIDE CONSIDERABLY. THE GARY PANTER WORST STUFF 1996 YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO REMEMBER ALTHOUGH THERE ARE EXCEPTIONS. HEH. HEH.

THEIR REACTIONS, IF THEY SEEM FINE AFTER 15 MINUTES, DON'T DROP THE TAB YET! IT'S NOT LONG ENOUGH, AND THE SAME THING MAY NOT HAPPEN TO YOU. THEY MAY DANCE AND SING AND LAUGH AT THE PRETTY COLORS WHILE YOU MAY JUMP OUT THE PLATE GLASS WINDOW AND RUN NAKED INTO ONCOMING TRAFFIC. MAYBE YOU SHOULD LEAVE IT TO OTHERS AND OBSERVE THE RESULTS. I WON'T THINK LESS OF YOU IF YOU DON'T BLOW YOUR MIND OFF. IF YOU ARE STILL CURIOUS, STEVE CERIO IS A MANDALA-SPEWING TEMP-UNAVT PICFISHER FROM THE UNIVERSE SIGNED TOMORROW WHOSE EC RITTERINGS REVEAL ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW CONCERNING OMNI-DEMENTIONAL PHASE-SHATTERING MIND FUCKS. VIEW HIS SACRED AND PROPHE IMAGERY TO PREPARE YOURSELF FOR AN UNEXPECTED JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF YOUR MIND.

ALWAYS WATCH SOMEONE ELSE DO IT FIRST, BE SURE AND WAIT AT LEAST 45 MINUTES TO GAGE

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Netty, Mola and Fray were born in a flowerpot
on a sea that hadn't a shore.
There weren't any waves and there weren't any fish
but they still didn't ask for much more.

They balanced their acorn on the fishing hook, cuz
it usually kept them amused.
But being all thumbs and clumsy and dumb, it
left them so terribly bruised.



Not only bruised but so broken boned were our
girls so tiny and sweet.
They died oh so swiftly in their boat oh so nifty
and spoiled away in the heat.



Their bodies fed the acorn so well it grew seven
long miles by noon.
By ten p.m. it goosed the sun and wrapped itself
round the moon.



Then all at once the flowerpot rose from the sea on the back of a shack.
And from its small door swung a segmented worm who carried a small paper sack.



He pulled out a hammer and took that house to pieces to build an ice wooden giraffe.
The tree set to smirkin' and grinnin' real wide and couldn't do nothin' but laugh.

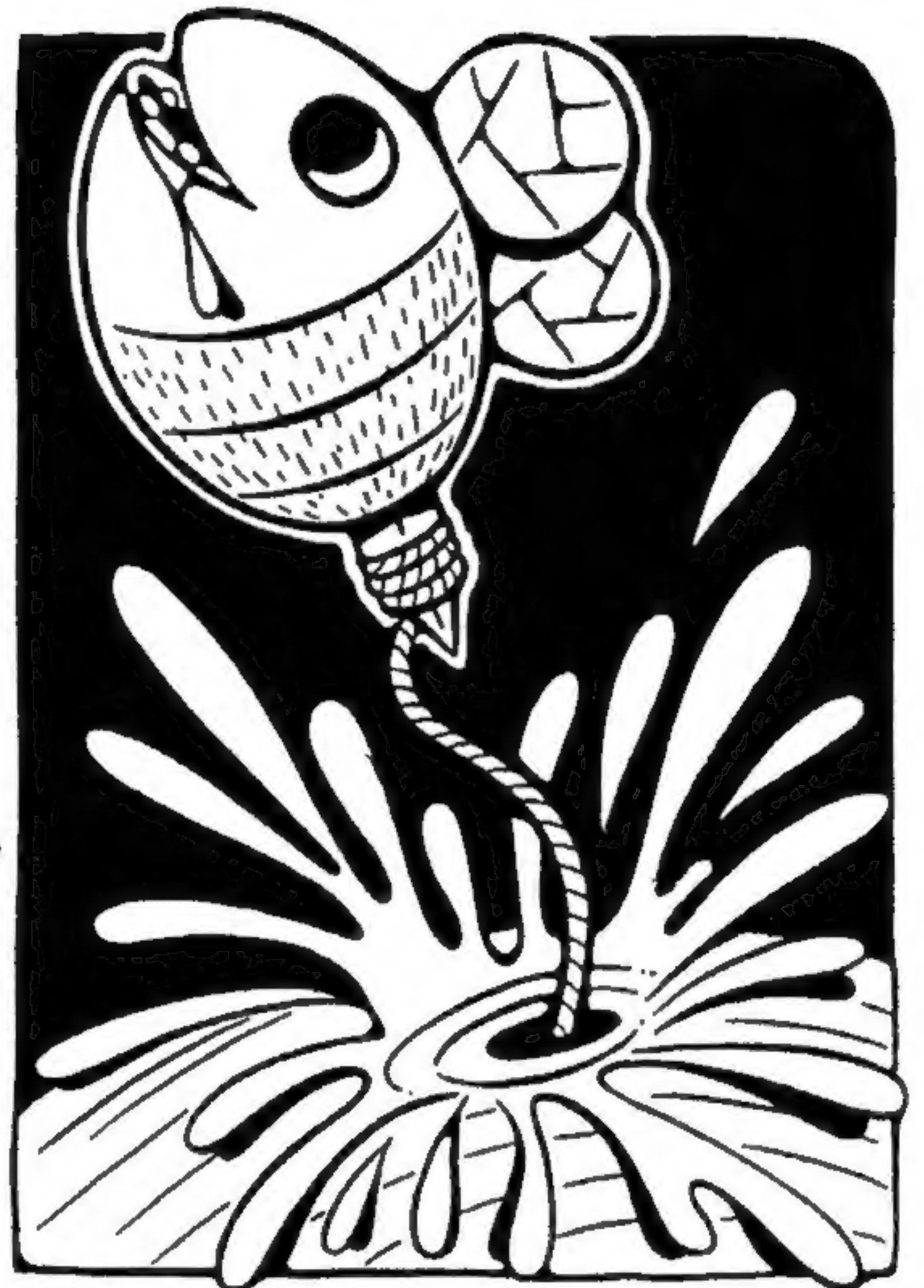


And the tree in its wisdom could now understand joy that sprouted the birds and sweet flowers.
It was swept with the love of a thousand young girls for a bliss of big unending powers.

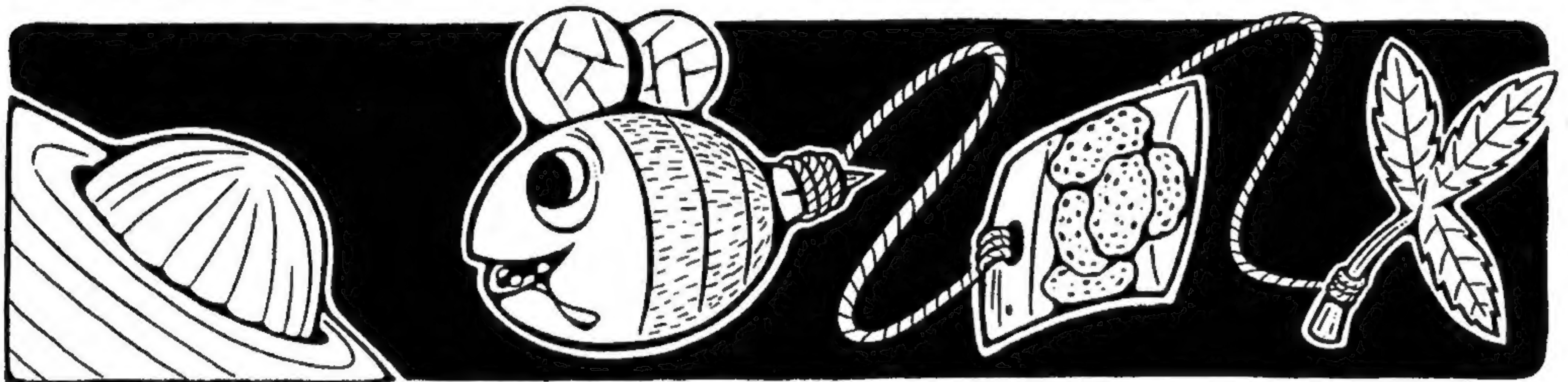
But its joy didn't cease but gave life to a fish and two elephants that drove them to song.
And two cities grew and bumble bees too and no one did anything wrong.



Their world burnt with fever and limped
with a crutch cuz what happened, it just wasn't right.
The pot couldn't hold the weight of the joy nor
its scale, its girth, or height.

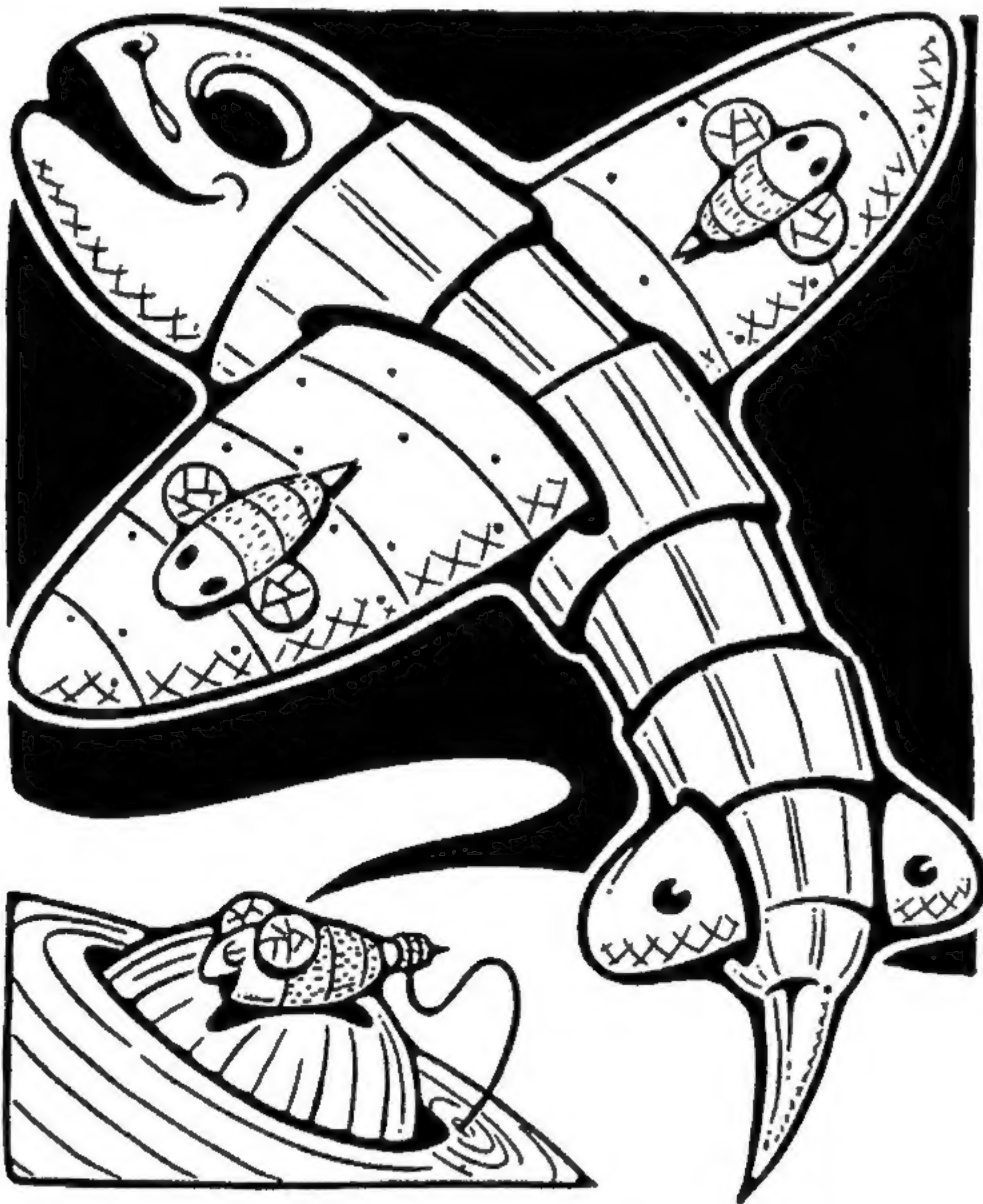


As the last of the joy and the last of the
leaves went down with that heavenly tree
An anxious and legless wonder arose in the
form of a bumbling bee.



Tied to his stinger was a green ivy leaf
and cookies he stole from a batch.
The ivy, it was the poison type and the
cookies were all made from scratch.

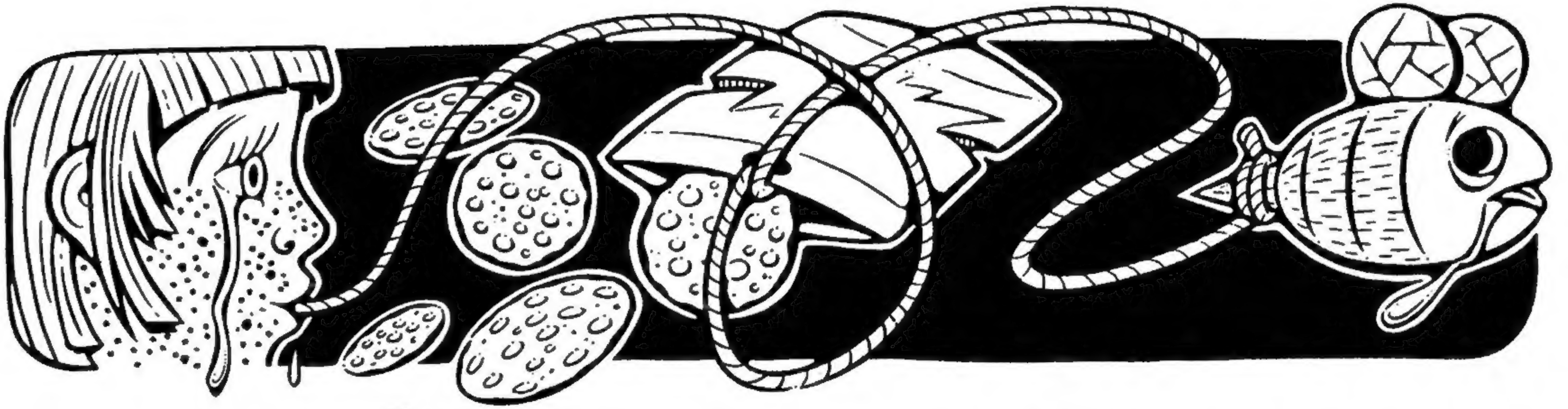
From off in the distance he spotted dry ground and
tumbled right down from the air.
It was soft, and warm, and yellow as straw and
smelled like fresh washed hair.



His stinger ached from the load he towed and
his wings were shooting with pain.
But so tired was he, that he slipped off to
sleep and dreamt he'd become a big plane.



When he awoke he found he wasn't alone, but on
the scalp of a young pretty girl.
She had eaten the ivy and rose up so hivey,
forcing the water to swirl.



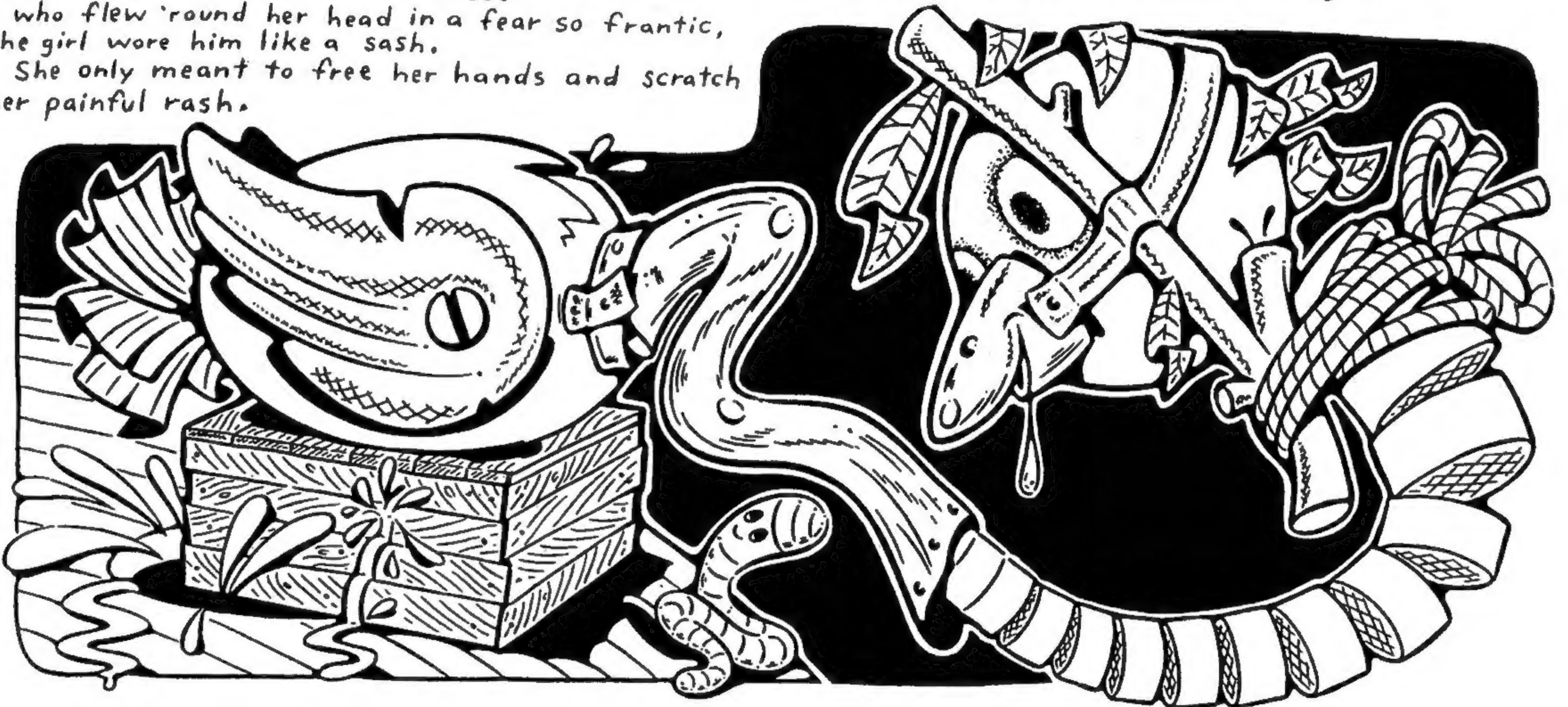
As she raised above the waterline there would soon be no more sea.

She was the plug in the tub of the world so to speak, and this so stressed the bee who flew 'round her head in a fear so frantic, the girl wore him like a sash.

She only meant to free her hands and scratch her painful rash.

When the sea was all gone, their muddy world was all muck, pressed for water to fill up a spoon.

She found in her heart a blameworthy part, and shot off past the pale drooling moon.

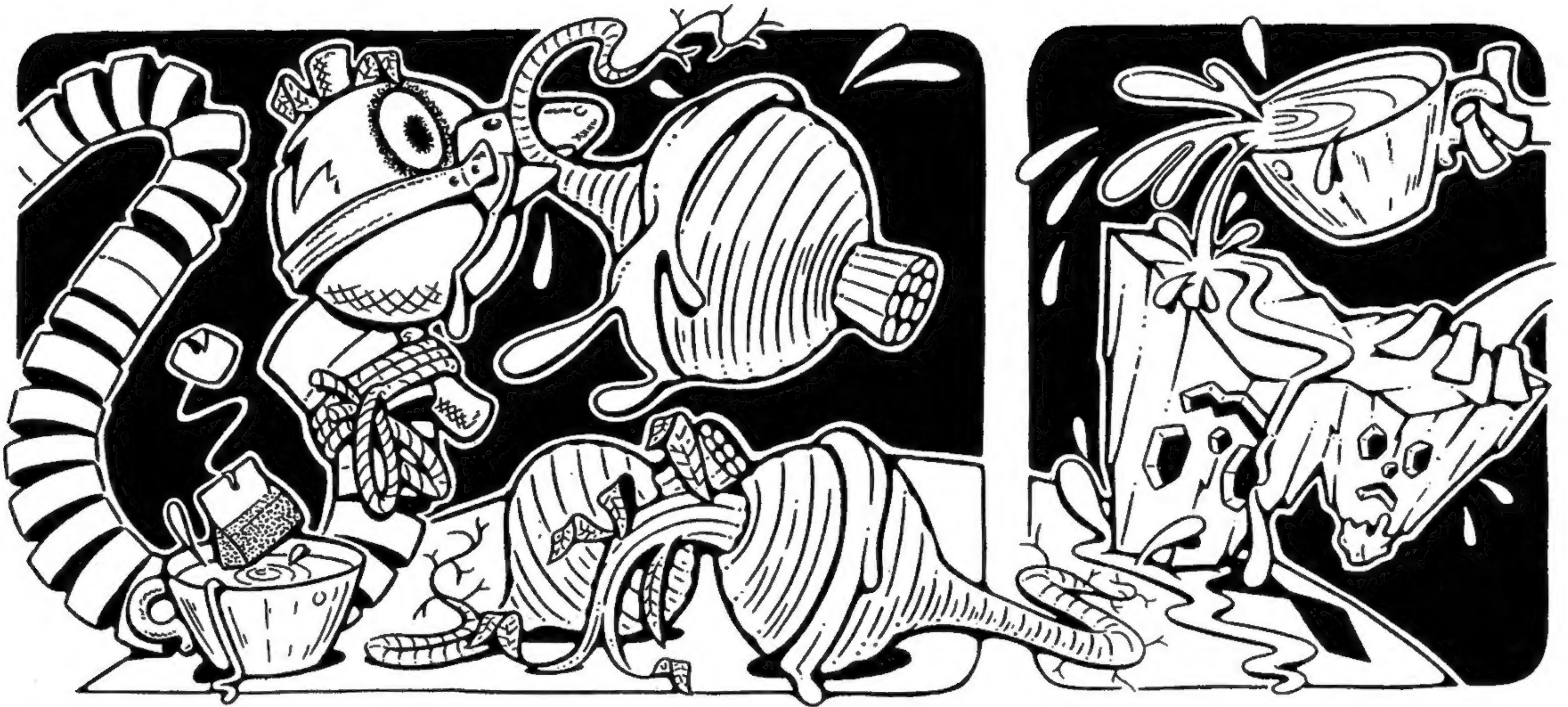


In relief she employed the Good Supper Goose sitting still on a slivery podium.

So if the sea rose again, her downy white friend wouldn't drown in the liquid and sodium.

Well, Good Supper Goose had an aspirin neck, made from a cheap household brand.

Her head was a hollowed out pelican's egg, her eyes were painted on by hand.



She just loved to sip imported green tea and eat turnips all sticky with jelly.

She ate them two days before she was hungry for more, so the food could approach her big belly

One afternoon as our ganderous friend napped, a fiend stole her best drinking cup and left in its place a funny shaped thing that was stuck in the mud, wrong side up.



She rose from her rest when her tea time had come, and found her cup gone in her dread.

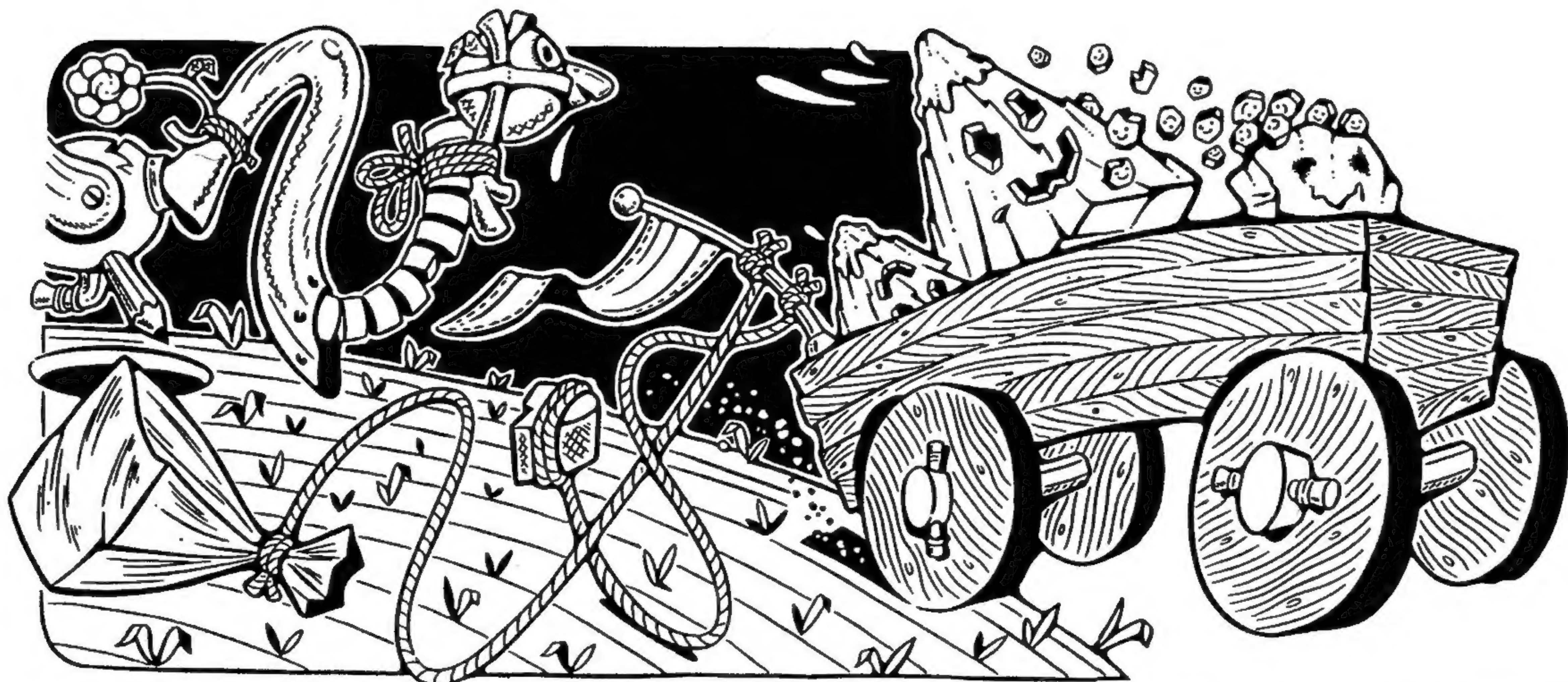
It said, "We brought our own clouds, we're pointed and steep we must be a hat for your head."

It was a tiny mountain you see, and the East was quite pleased, but the West wore a terrible frown, 'Cuz he didn't like being the runt of the pair and spending his life upside down.



Too heavy for her head, they toppled right off, the mud rippled and swelled through the day. When the crest finally broke, the sun shined for a while and they had such a quite lovely day.

The terra firma was mudless, it bloomed in the heat when the sun warmed its chest full of seeds. It grew bushels of mushrooms and carrots and berries and flowers and pencils and weeds.



The mountain heard, "the Savior of stone' will appear..." from a small dirty handful of gravel.
A rock chimed right in "...on a small dusty hill.
It will take at least three days of travel.

So Goose built a cart from her podium wood and pushed them cross valley and hills.
She packed them a bag with a nice healthy lunch and a piece of her neck for their ills.



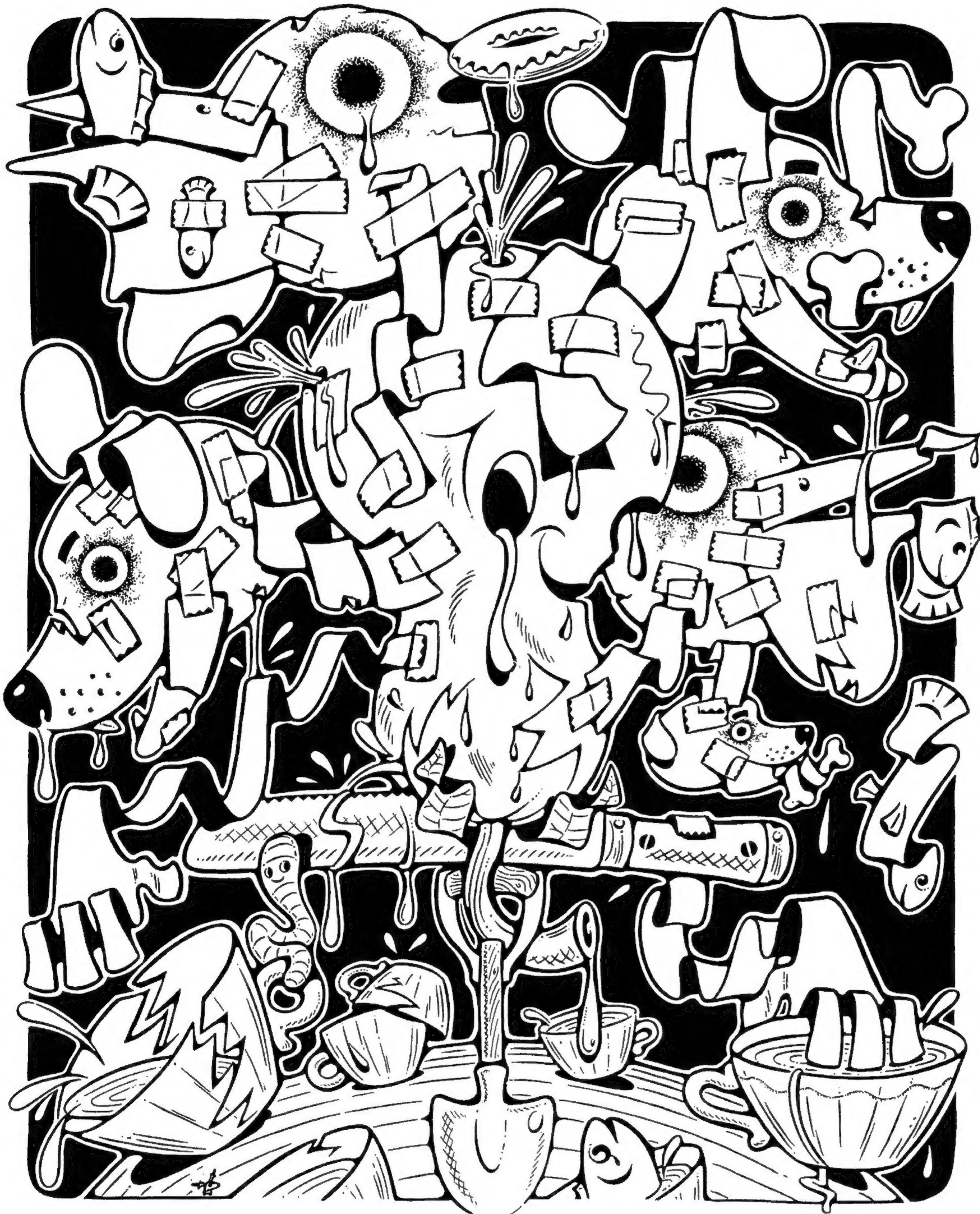
They travelled to the spot where they thought he'd appear, in all of his mercy and grace.
They sat there and dreamt of his beard and his robe and the eyes on his beautiful face.

They imagined the ruby that made up his nose and the marble that made up his limbs.

They thought of his eyes of shiny blue quartz.
They became tearful and sang stirring hymns.

And those hymns and those prayers they flew just like birds and they whirled and they slapped around,
'til the devil, he looked like an icecream cone just melting off into the ground.

They sang, "glory to the 'Savior of every stone', so mineral, so grand and complete,
may his divinity bind us like aeroplane glue to his perfect perpetual feet."



The Creator appeared, an hour later than planned, balanced precariously on an old butterknife.

They refused to believe that this hideous thing was the maker that made up their life.

This god had several cut paper heads, in the shape of pelicans and retrievers.

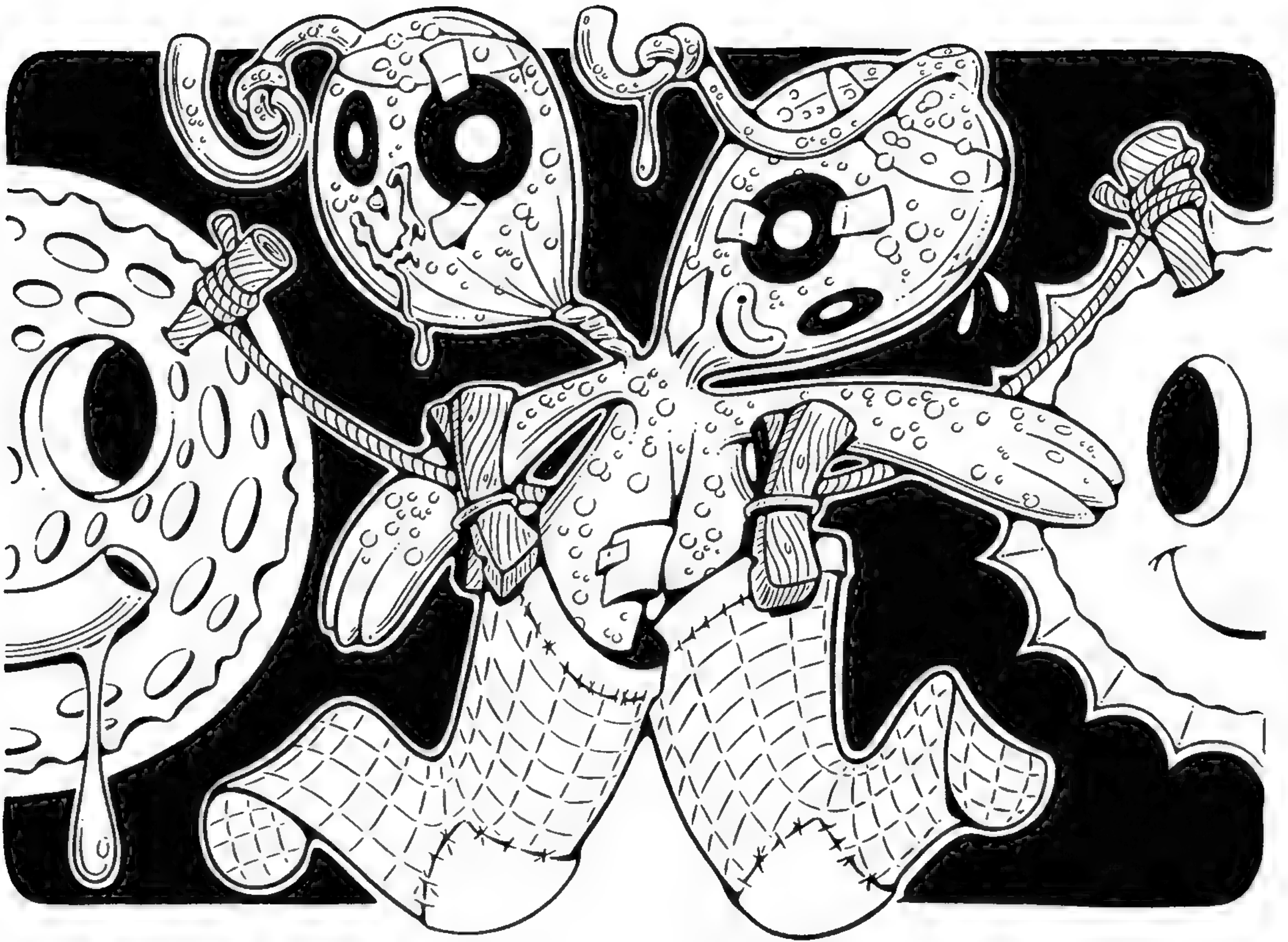
The Scotch brand tape that hinged up their jaws fell short in impressing believers.

The dogs were a bit too excited, they chewed bones cut from an old notebook pad.

The pelicans ate fish of soft tissue paper and appeared to be malnourished or sad.

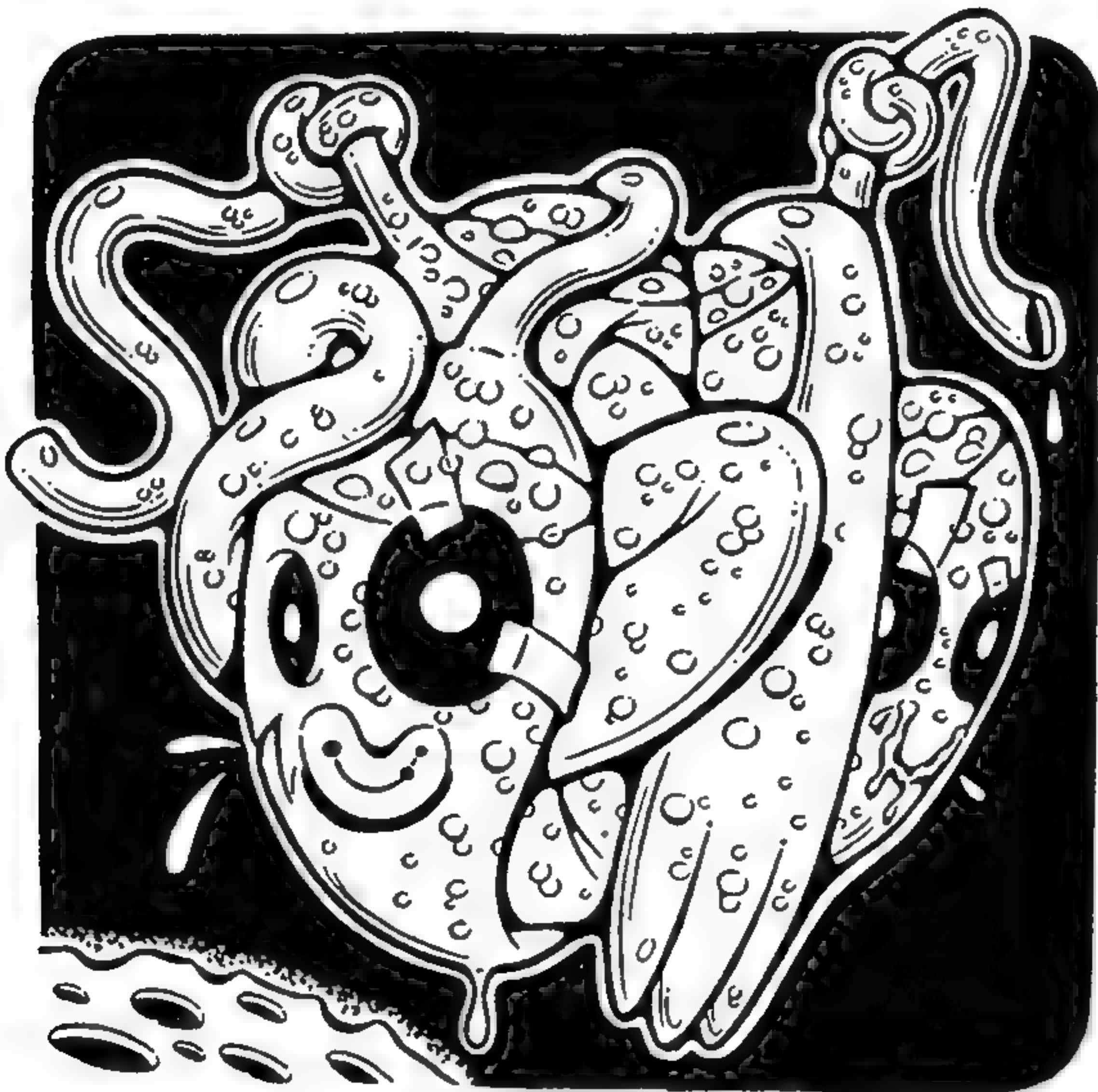
Its chest was a spoiling Bartlett pear that leaked juice on the maddening crowd.

This Maker had a glazed donut halo, but no commandments, not even a shroud.



When the moon quit grieving from that heavenly prank, she did her wash in the new sudsy seas. Then its hunting socks dried and it found a surprise nestled in a cheap woolen fleece.

It called itself 'Maple', it was a double headed baggy of applejuice with carbonation. It was quite chilled and sweet as it warmed both its feet, "I'm a neighbor from the same constellation."



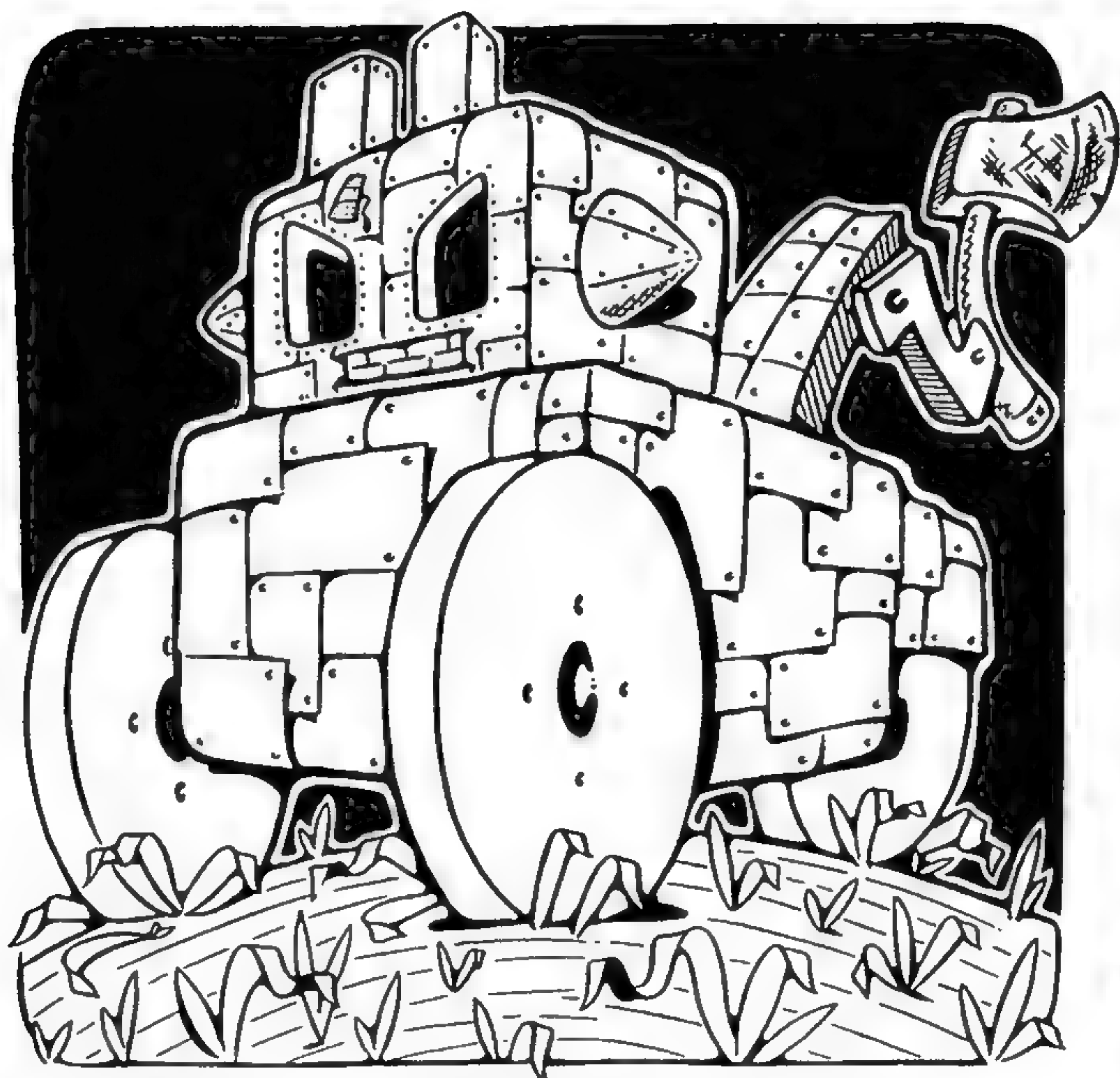
They rolled all day long in a knotted up ball and grew dizzy and sick for a hoat.

From way up in space the planet looked small like an apple or some other round fruit.



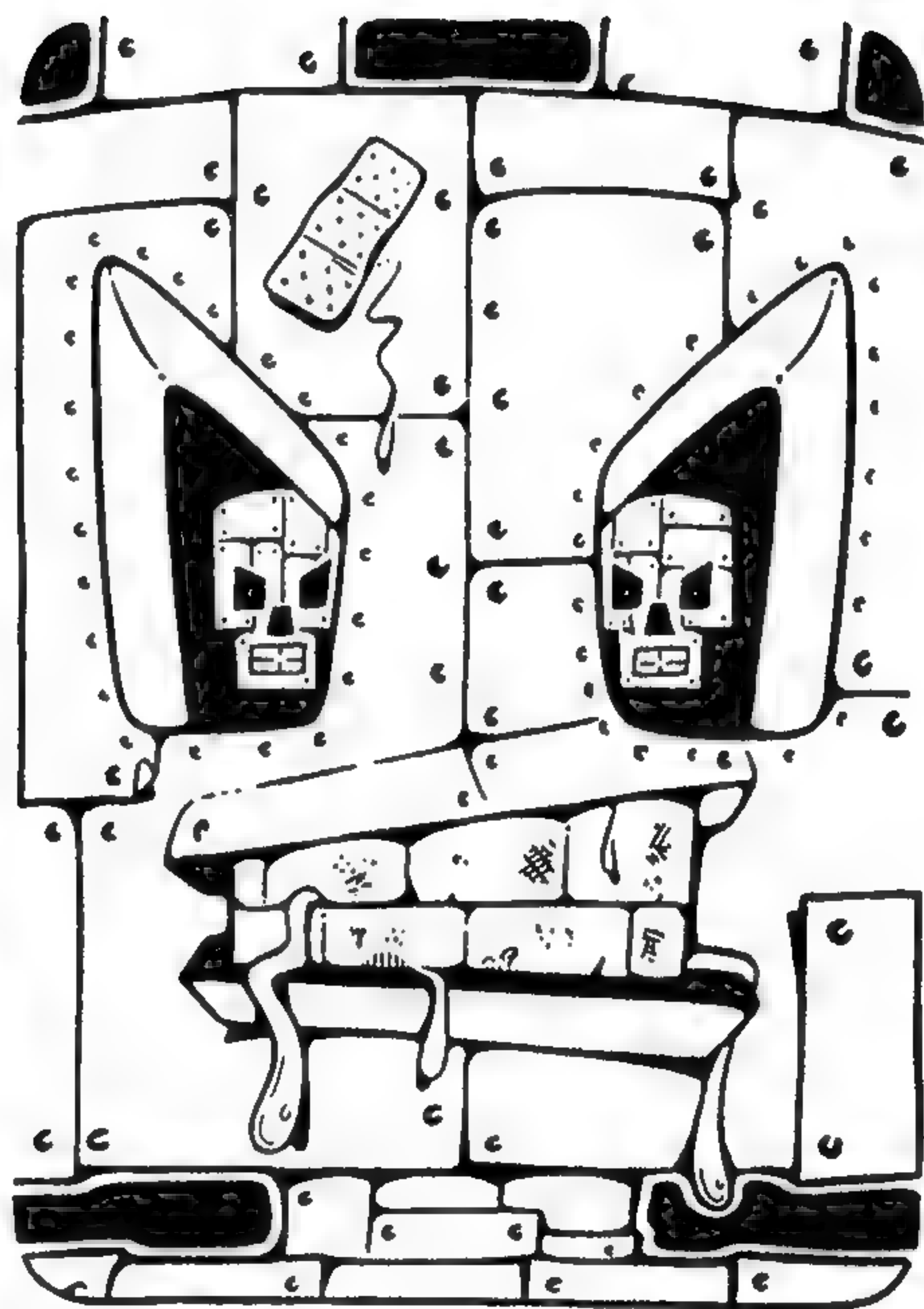
'Maple' flew a U.F.O. with long stringbean legs, into the moon's tone deaf ear.

They had to escape their turbulent world for reasons your going to hear.



'Harmon Diesel' came to their world all hungry and mean and bored with nothing to do.

His mind was a piece of potato chip, he had wheels made of Elmers glue.



Everytime his tin lips moved he was telling an awful lie.

His cinderblock teeth were pitted and cracked from too much apple pie.

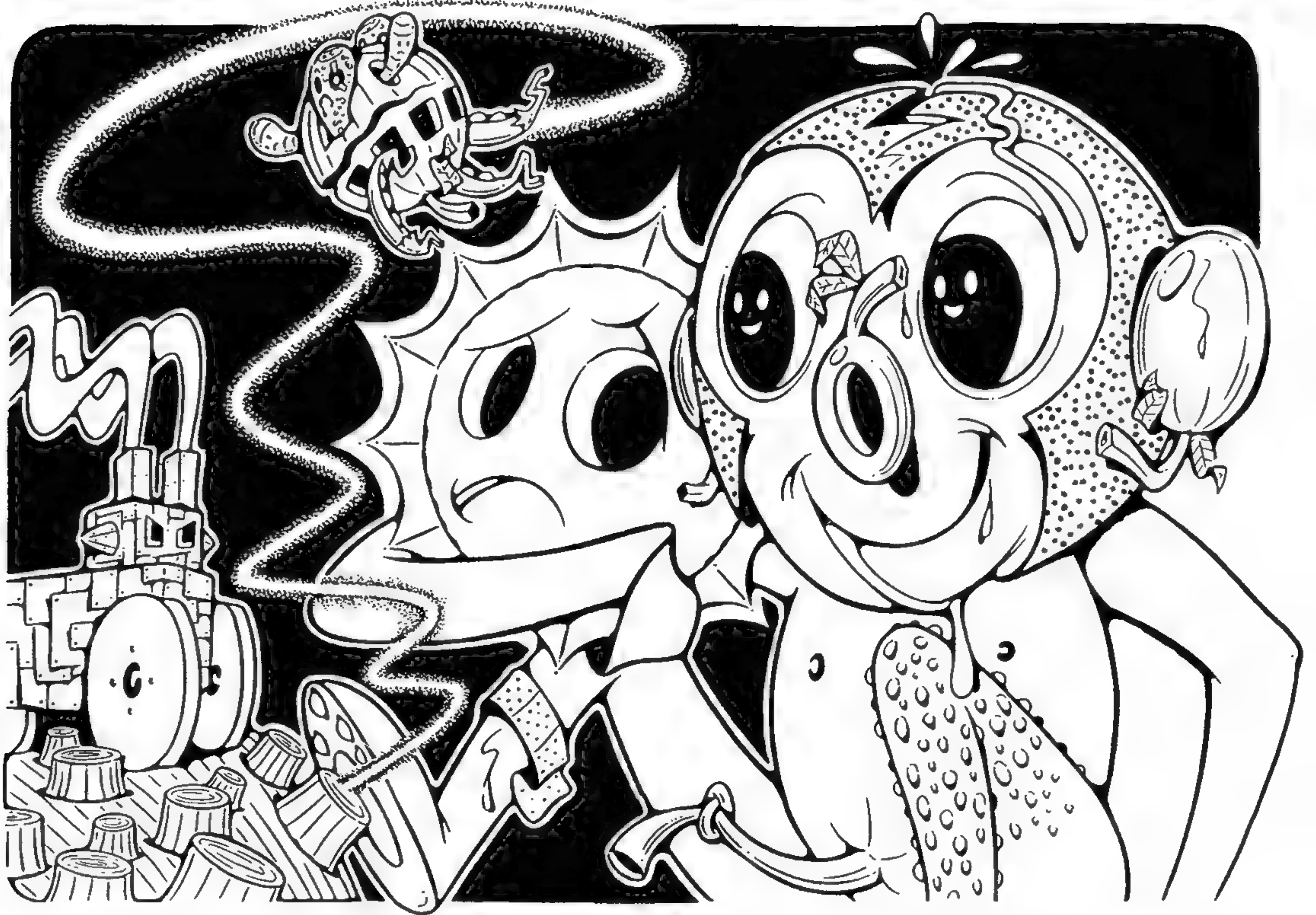


He ate each apple and every tree that he found around their village.

Harmon didn't rape or plunder exactly but he did so surely pillage.

He baked up their house, and the red delicious sap fed his morbid, thirstful needs.

He ate almost every core and every stem. He had a funeral for every seed.



When 'Maple' grew tired of playing, she filled moon and sun in on the plot.

To trick 'Harmon Diesel' the moon dressed like a monkey, with a giant umbilical knot.

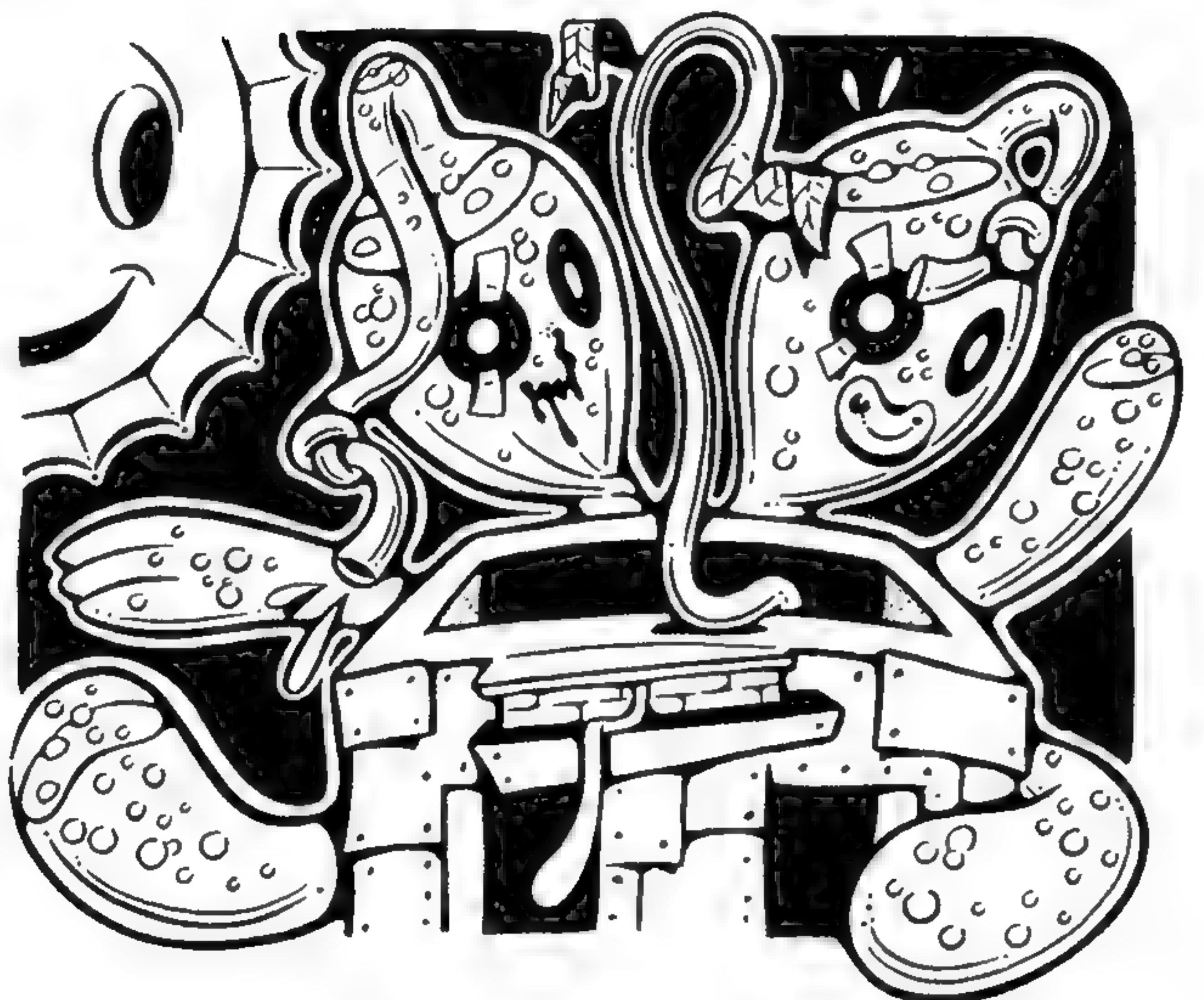
The sun feigned sadness and nestled in the crook of the moon's new counterfeit arm.

Then they could lessen his creeping suspicion and cause him a great deal of harm.



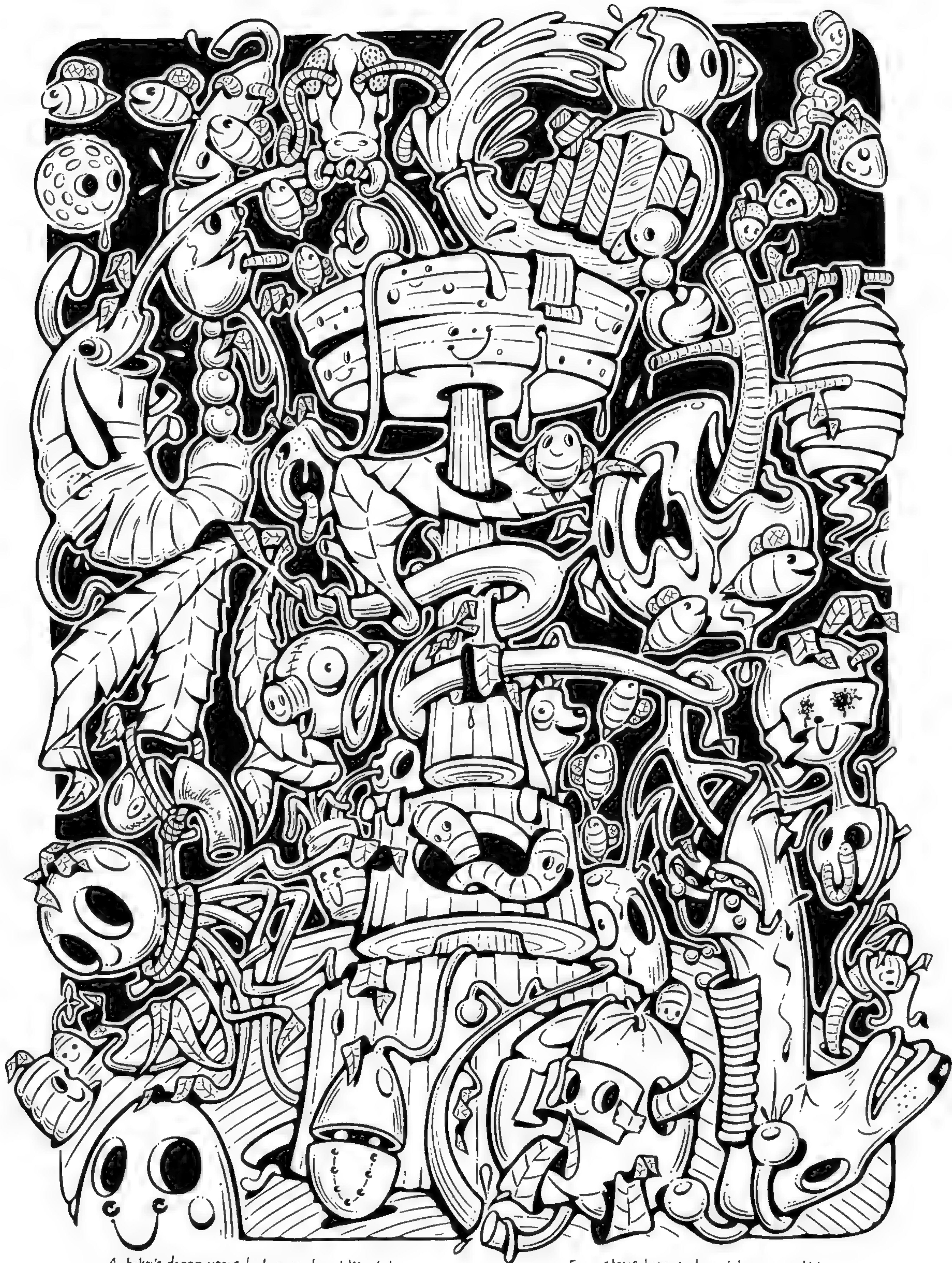
'Harmon' went cripple and seized in heat, when sun melted his every wheel.

No one felt bad. It was adequate torture for such an inadequate heel.



'Maple' came home with a set of metric wrenches to dismantle the sinful debris.

His hollow head became a flower pot, to sprout a new apple tree.

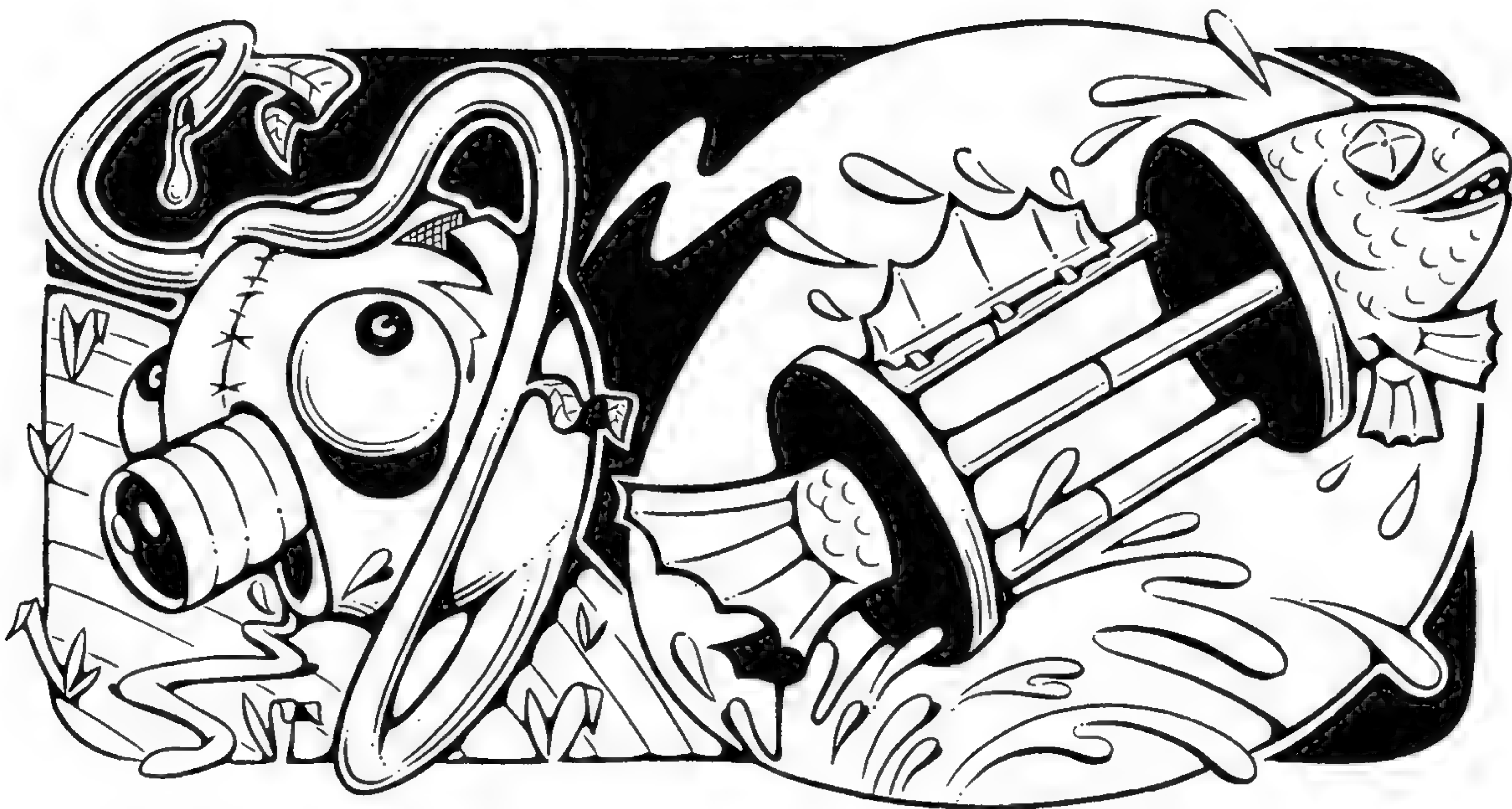


A baker's dozen years had passed and 'Maple' was long since gone.
 Their tree grew over-ripe sticky fruit and a Kentucky blue-grass lawn.

It grew mostly like a wine grape vine but in places like an oak.
 It was host to a variety of common earthworms, its trunk was sawed and broke.

From stems hung a hornet hive, a radish and a makeshift bird.
 Cherries balanced stupidly. The whole harvest spoke or stirred.

The limbs grew weighty with its chubby crop.
 The tree groaned with backache pains, and undid its harvest to the ground, leaving fancy little stains.



The piggy was the first to land, his forehead surely hurt.
In his lazy dreams, he thought of pleasant things as he lied still in the dirt.

His favorite was a leaping fish that refused to swim in schools.
It's eye was made of jewelery. His body was made of stools.



When giraffe toppled down head first, he believed he grew a chest.
And limbs made out of tinkertoys that he loved the very best.

Giraffe thought that he'd been reborn as half-a-dozen sterile strips.
He became quite elegant and arrogant with his new adhesive hips.



When radish landed in an uncomfortable way,
he fell unconscious all over the soil.
Unrefrigerated for such an awful long time that
his leaves began to spoil.

He imagined that puddles could walk on
their own while he tumbled right over and grinned.
A puddle took off to running amok, against
a gail force wind.

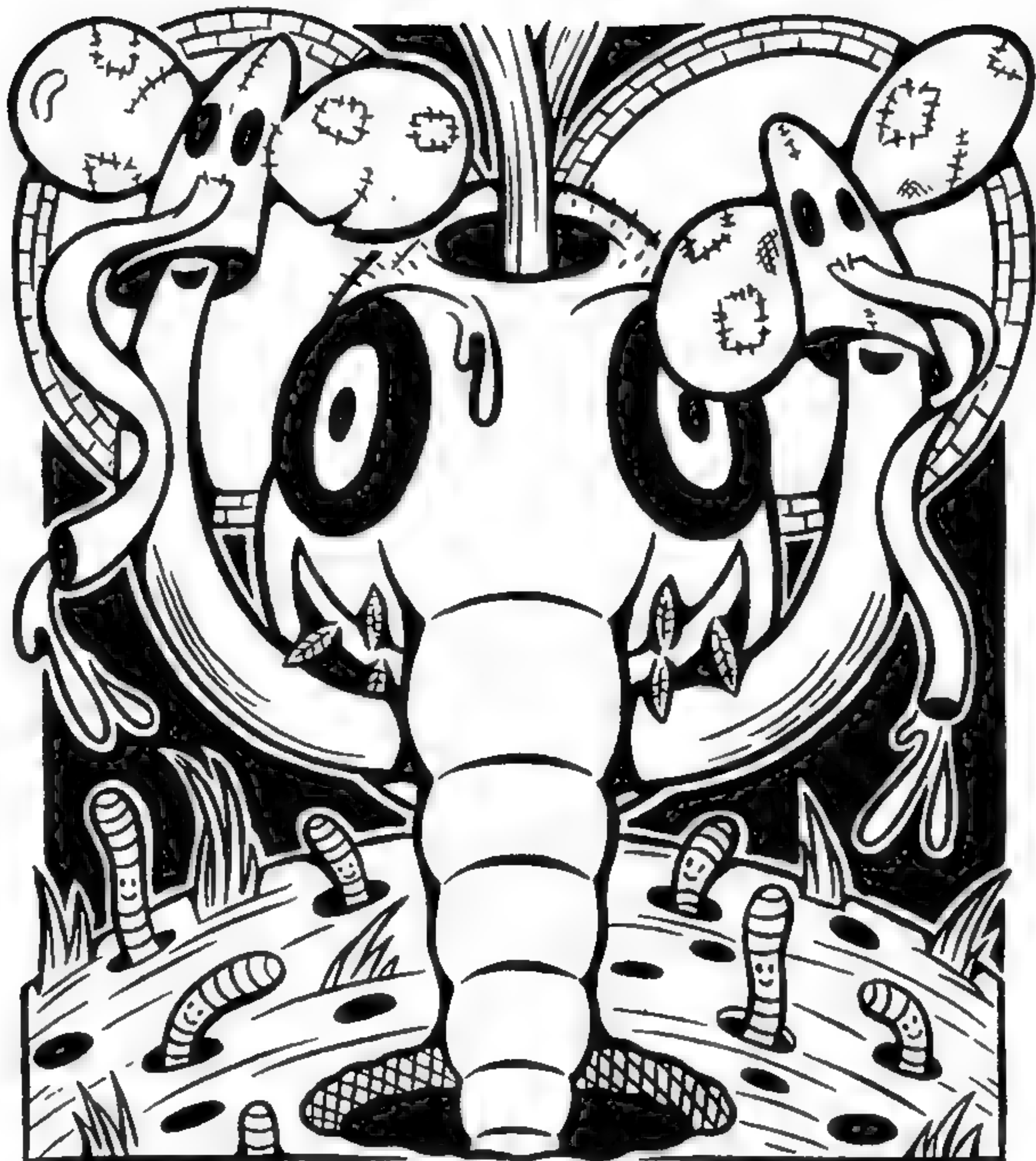


Aloft in mid-air the ersatz bird was saddened
by her current plight.
She yearned for medals and fighter wings to
permit a safer flight.

She wished she had a couple beaks,
a propeller and a nest.
Entertained the entire time, was a nibbling
biblical pest.



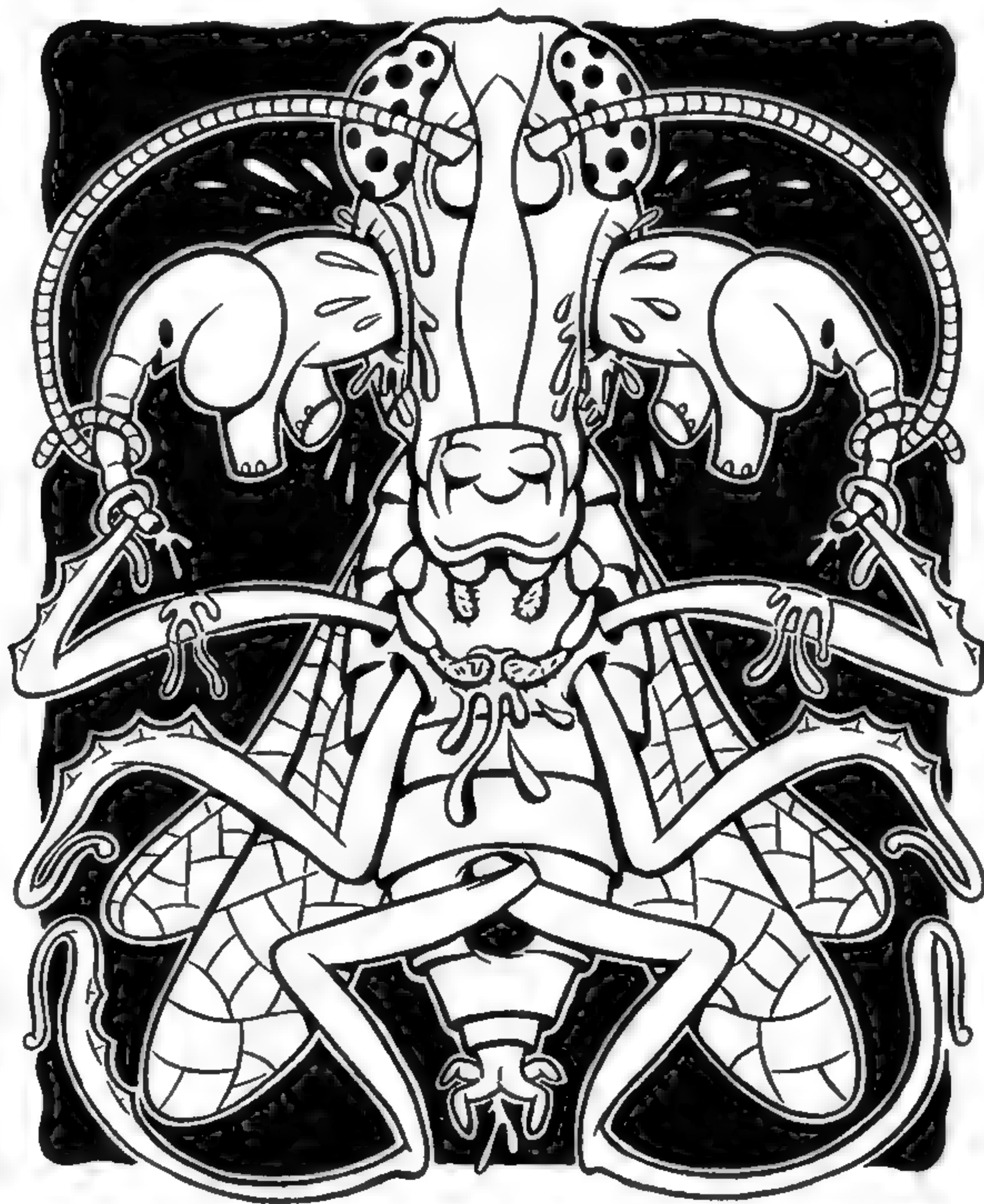
'Pollen' was nibbling a leaf that day when a sobbing sound arose.
She turned to spy a handsome man with a very lengthy nose



It was 'Pollen' atop that tree, and 'Pollen' is a locust.
She has antennae, wings and compound eyes to keep things sharply focused.



He said, "I am a squash plant." He seemed quite sincere. He had mittens to hang on each tusk.
They made love in the filthy garden dirt while the daylight turned to dusk.



By Spring her cheeks were full, fat and chubby with lovely twins so round.
That giving birth was so painful and fatal is just what poor 'Pollen' had found.



'Pollen' died at seven, their hearts were snakebitten with
venomous fear.
They lived right under the deep pea green moon, the pee
yellow sun and a sheltering ear.

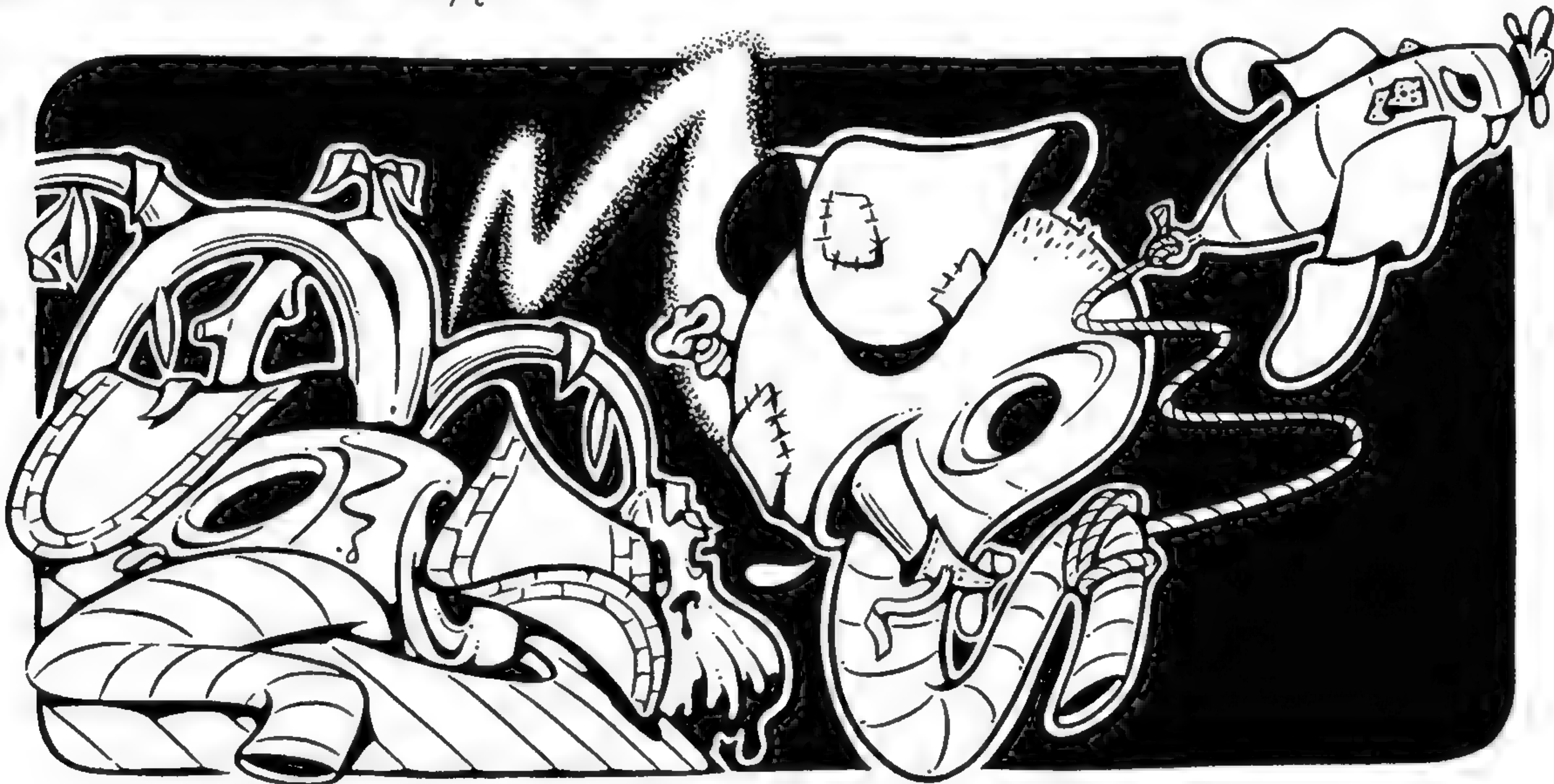
When a few moments had passed, the joy set right in and
that joy grew more syrupy still.
Their skin grew quite bright with bliss and delight and
green with fresh chlorophyll.



Then came the day when the aeroplanes came, and took the young twins for their food. They were made of coldcuts with cheap Swiss cheese ears, their manners were really quite rude.

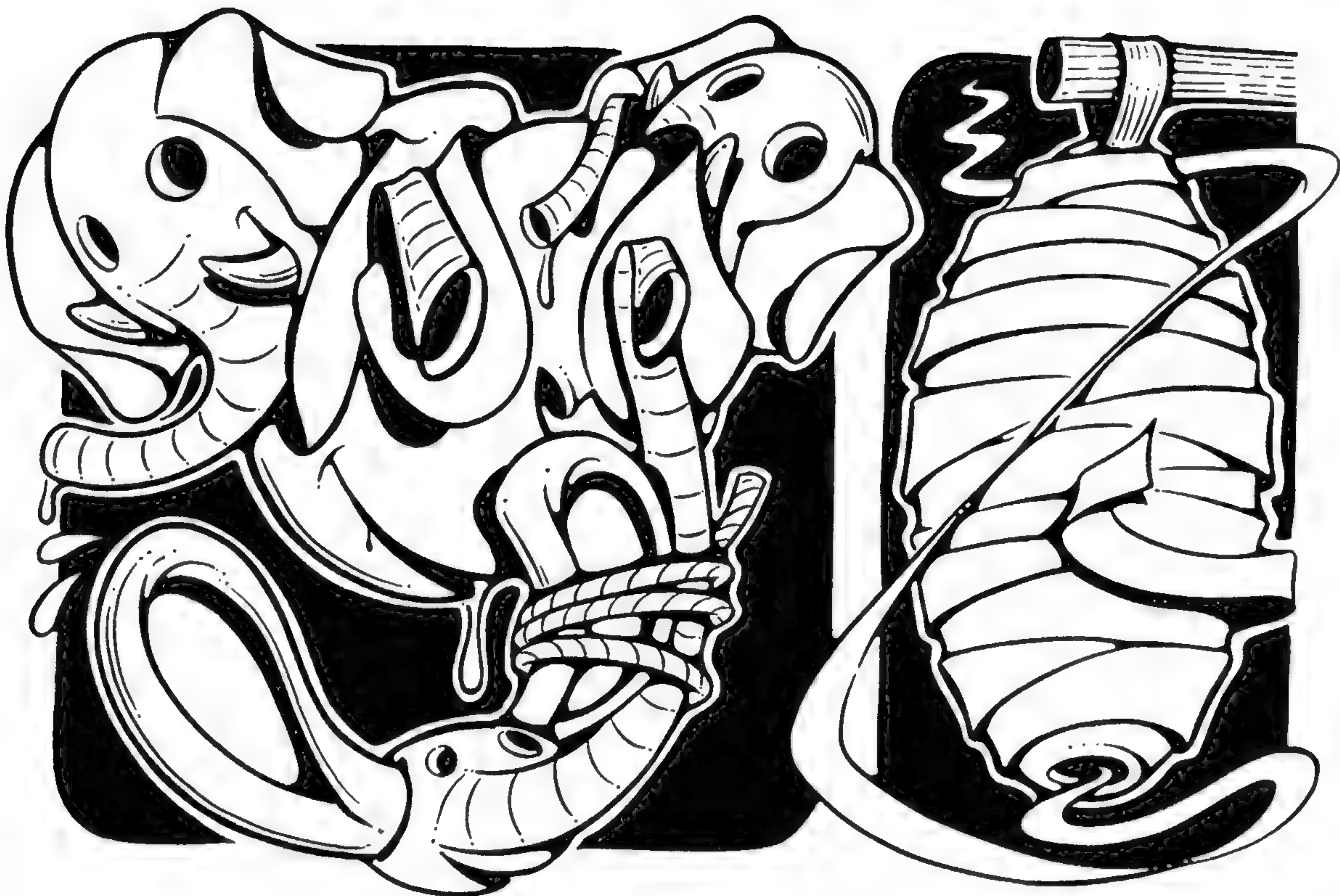


'Father Squash' wilted and fell to the ground, his fruit was so sour and beaten. "Damn all those planes with their big, hungry mouths and the terrible lunch they have eaten.



'Father Squashes' soul rose up like a helium balloon from the butter-slick hand of a minor. He pondered an unpicked, lonely life and found undoing uncommonly finer.

The blood thirsty planes flew up into the ether with the soul of poor 'Squash' in tow. They left it somewhere out there, nowhere, between galaxies and nothing you know.



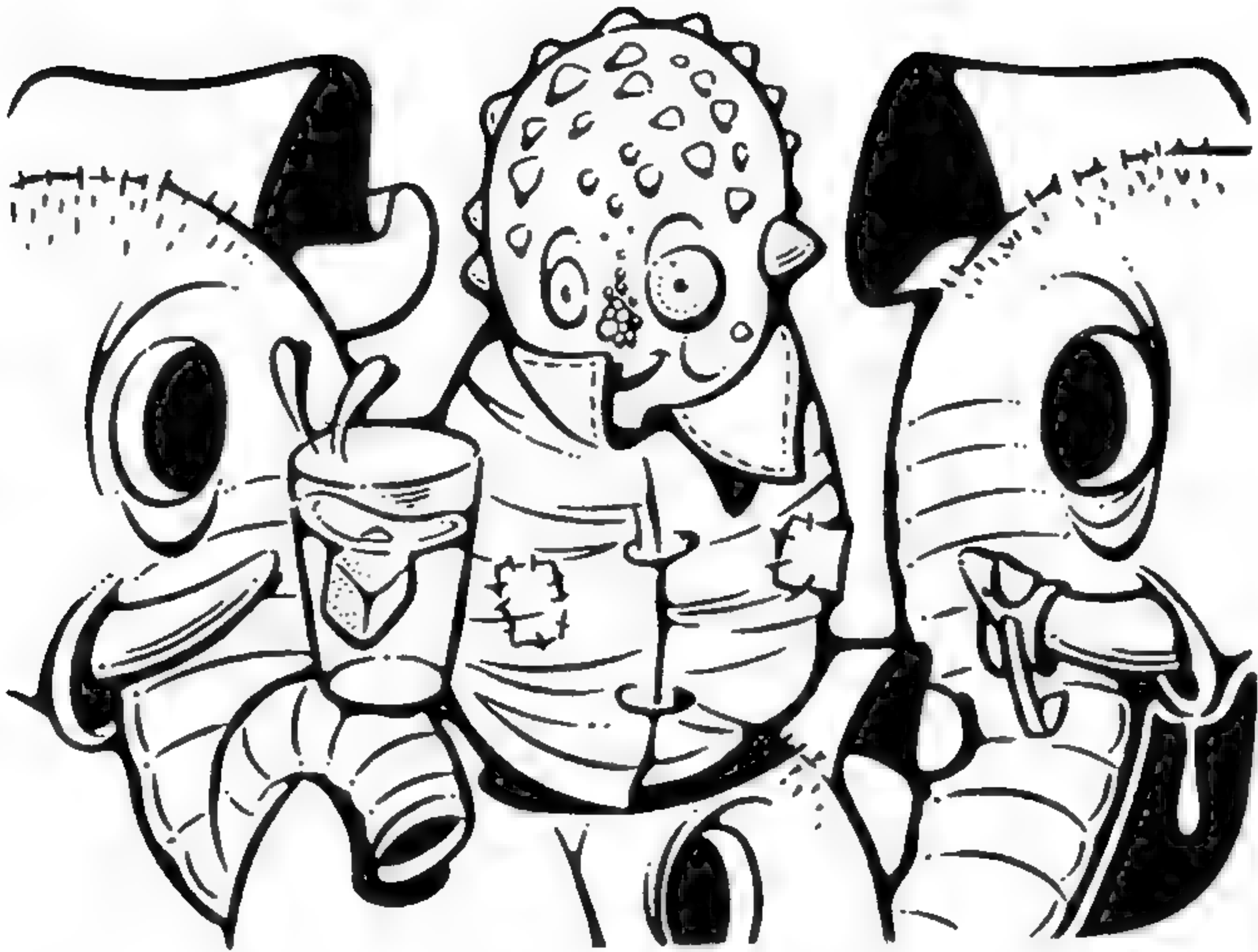
It twitched in the sky and started to swell. A companion was grown from its ear. And then another till at last there were four. They heard someone beckon in fear.

They noticed below, a nest built by hornets, coughing up thick gobs of smoke. They heard a great gasp, a mighty loud whine, a smothering sound and a choke.

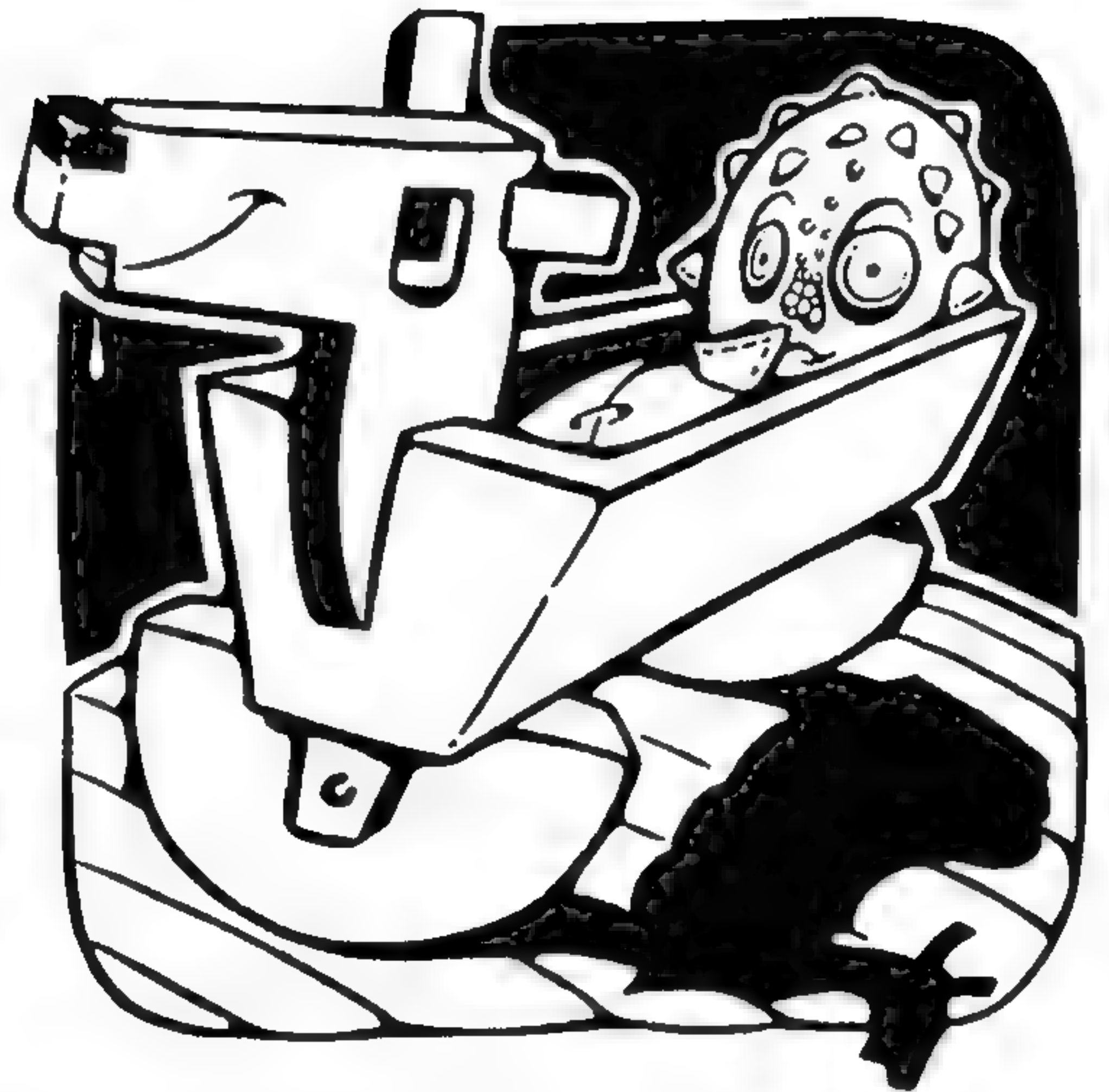


From out of the door burning matches appeared as well as an unblinking boy. The boy's name was 'Ninny' - he was constricted and frowny - this plummet he didn't enjoy.

His nose was made of mosquito bites, hornets gave the blisters to his skin. 'Ninny' was wrapped in a blanket as soft as fresh cotton, held tight by a chrome safety pin.



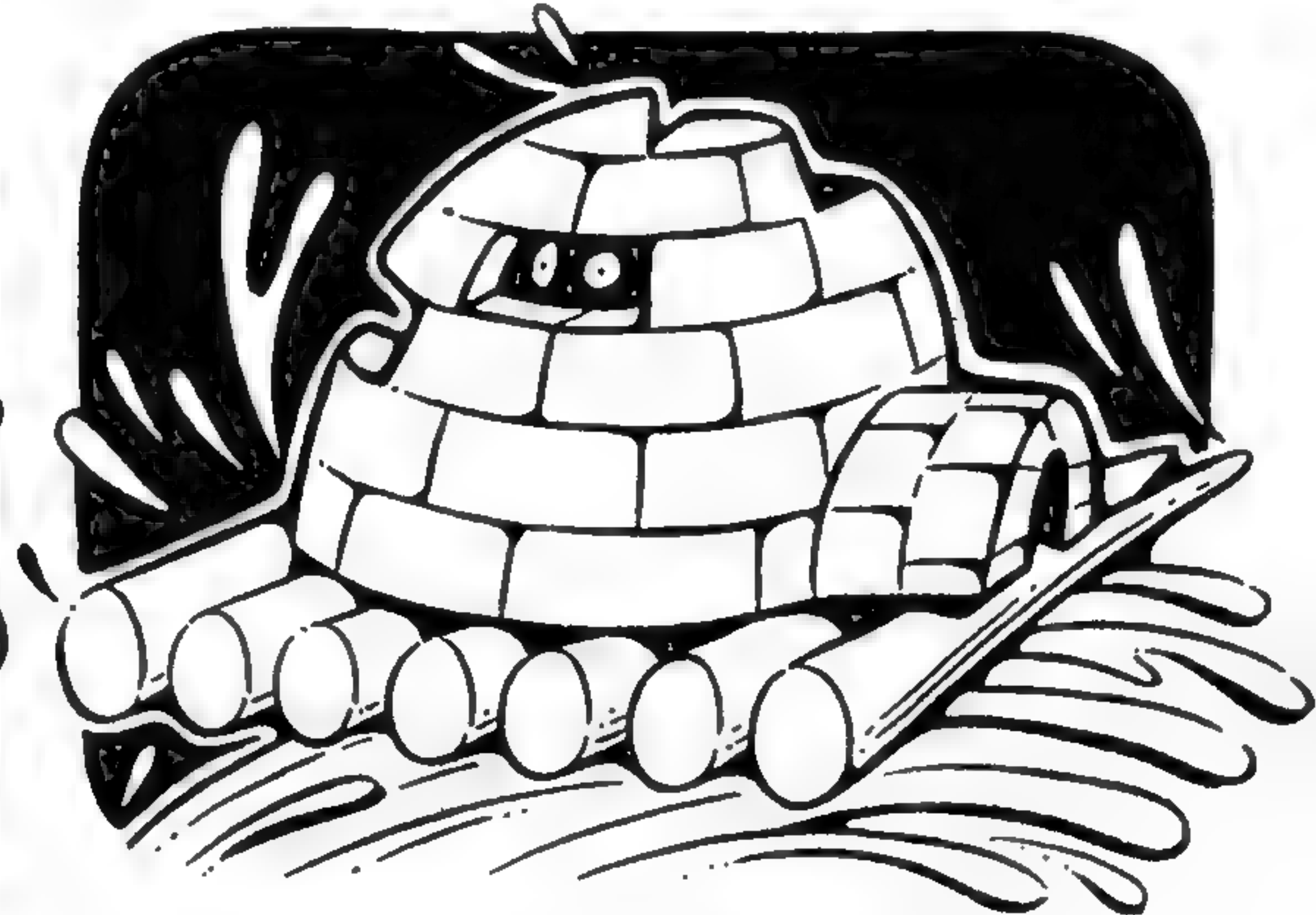
They caught 'Ninny' mid-air and cuddled and coddled, and brought cool glasses of lemonade. Then 'Ninny' became bossy from the spoiling they'd done. Their nerves became obviously frayed.



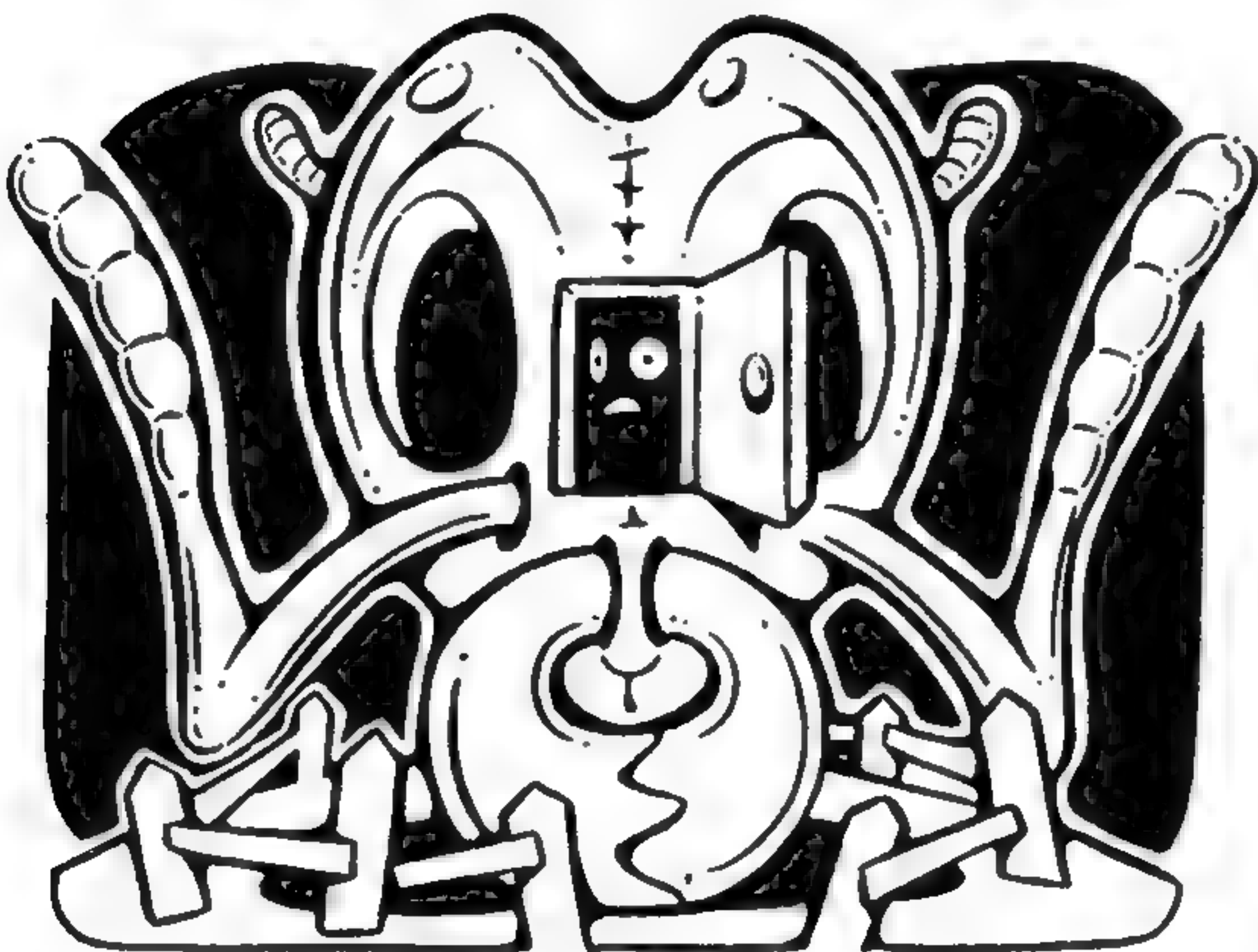
They decided that space just wasn't the place for 'Ninny' so they found him a crib. He claimed he was sea-sick and hated the ride, but they knew it was a terrible fib.



So they pitched him a tent on an active volcano - so exotic, tropical and dreamy. But 'Ninny' found it sweltering and stifling and muggy and most exceedingly steamy.



Then they built him an igloo from driveway snow, on top of an icicle raft. But 'Ninny' said that frost bite was dumb and he hated the ice cold draft.

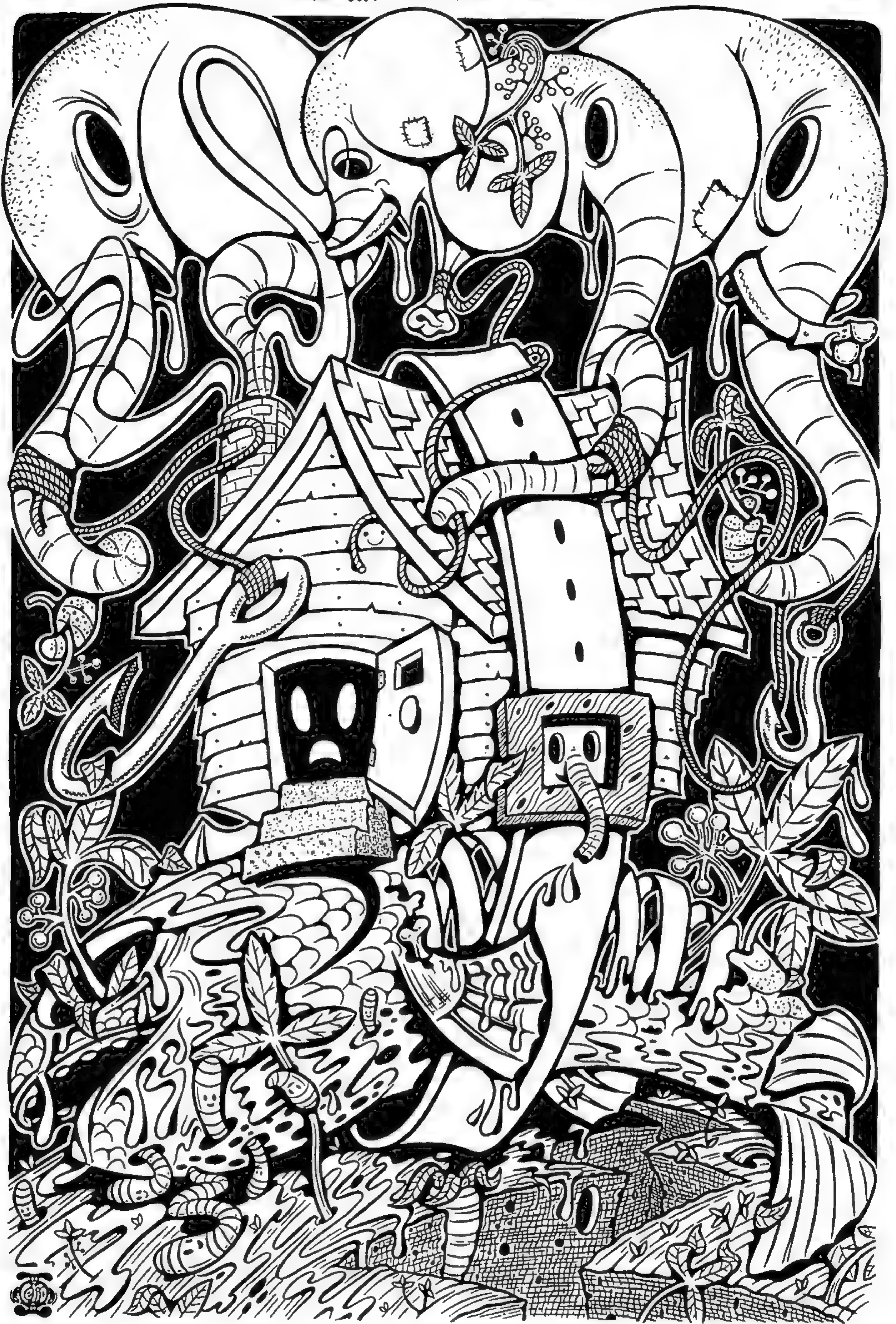


So they built him a hut from a worker ant's head, with a parlor and a white picket fence. "I won't sleep inside a garden pest," 'Ninny' said, obviously taking offense.

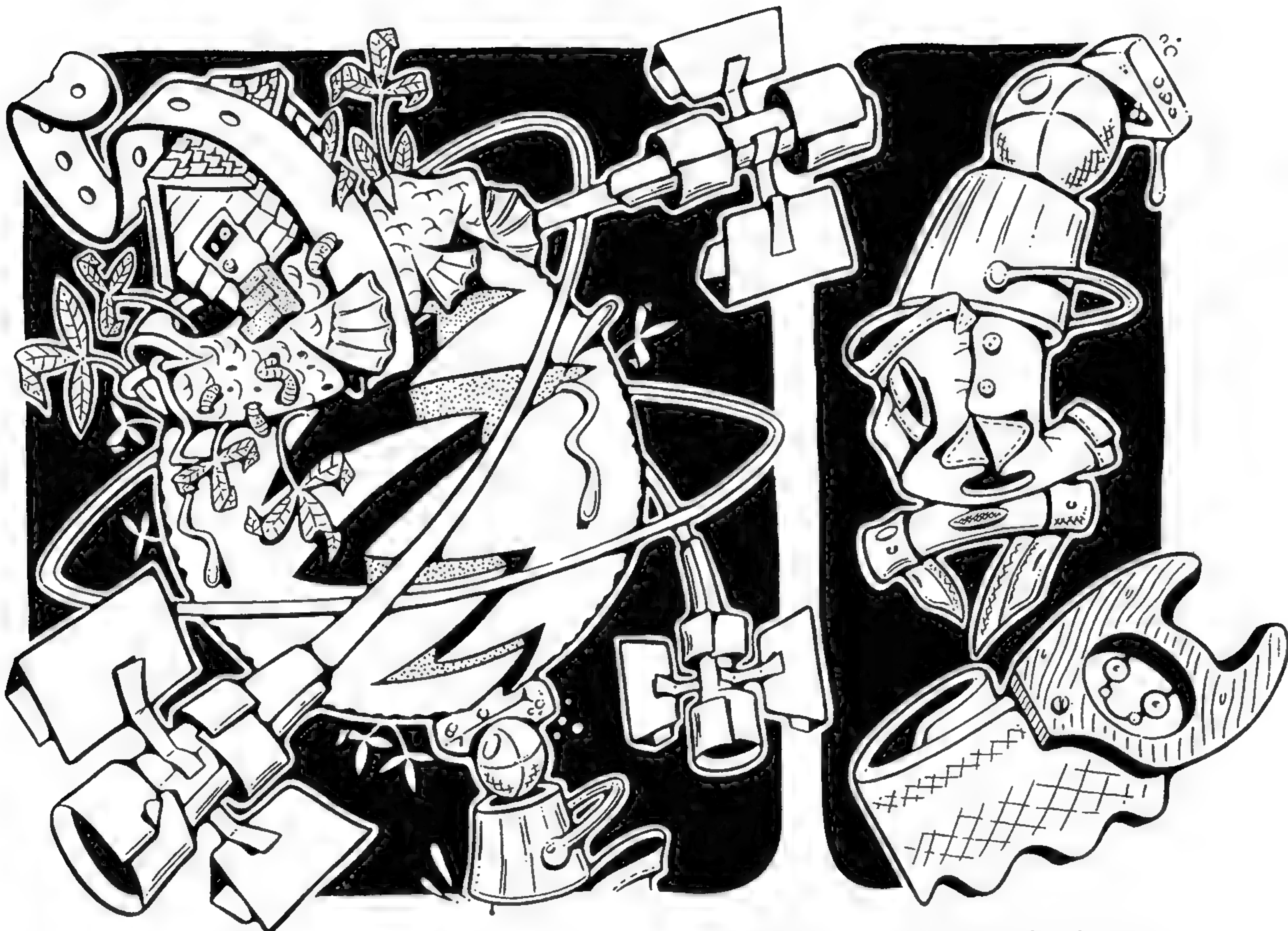


Then they rented a small but comfortable shed that they expected to extract jubilation. He said "a growing baby like me needs a lawn," much to the ghosts' irritation.

They belted 'Ninny and the shed to their brand new lawn,
 which was a game fish infested with worms,
 and dropped them into a patch of poison-oak they weren't
 on the best of terms.

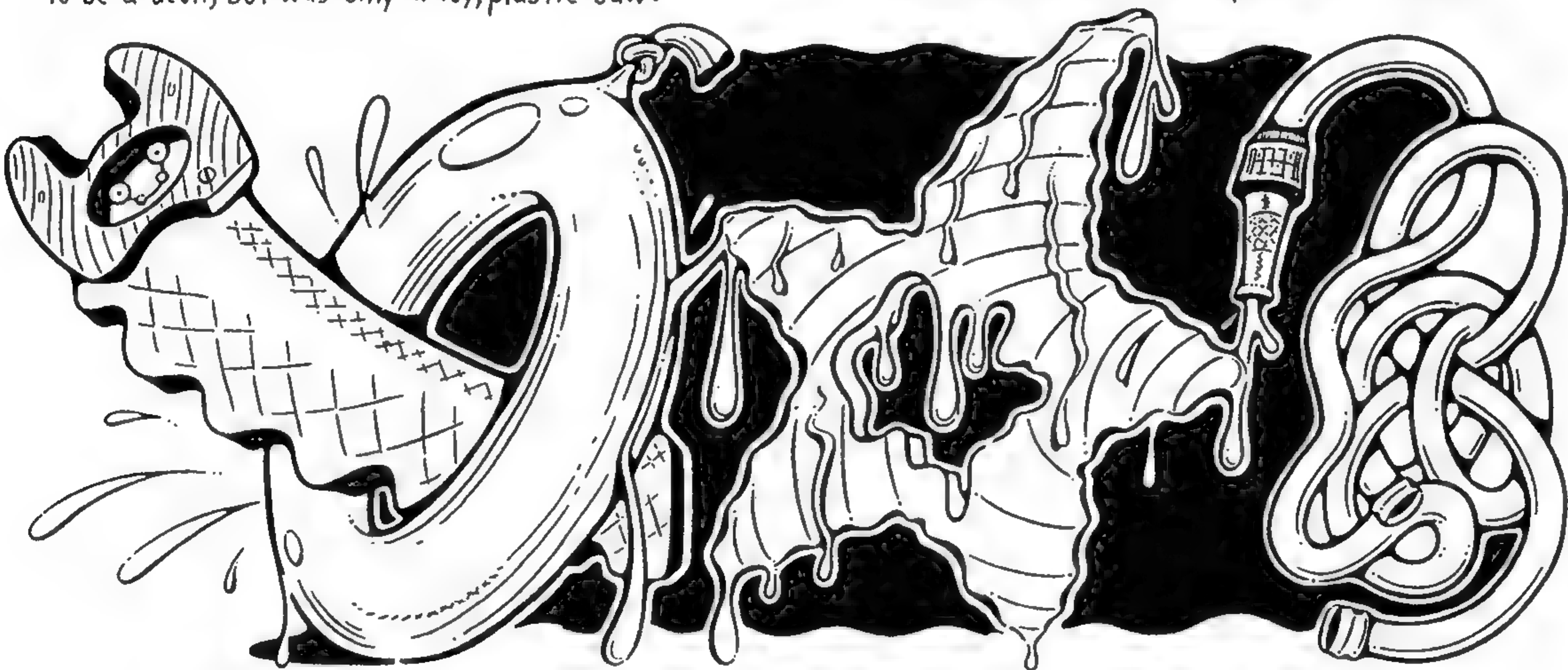


'Ninny' was marooned further out of the way than the
 outmost reaches of outerspace.
 On a planet that split open like an ostrich egg on its
 Northernmost Grade-A place.



The planet was strangled with origami satellites that took photos of all they saw, keeping a zoom lens eye on what they believed to be a devil, but was only a toy, plastic saw.

'Inverness' lived on the tip of a tower he built, hoping to flee the captivating place. When fish and 'Ninny' made their earthshaking landing, he tumbled off cheaply into outerspace.



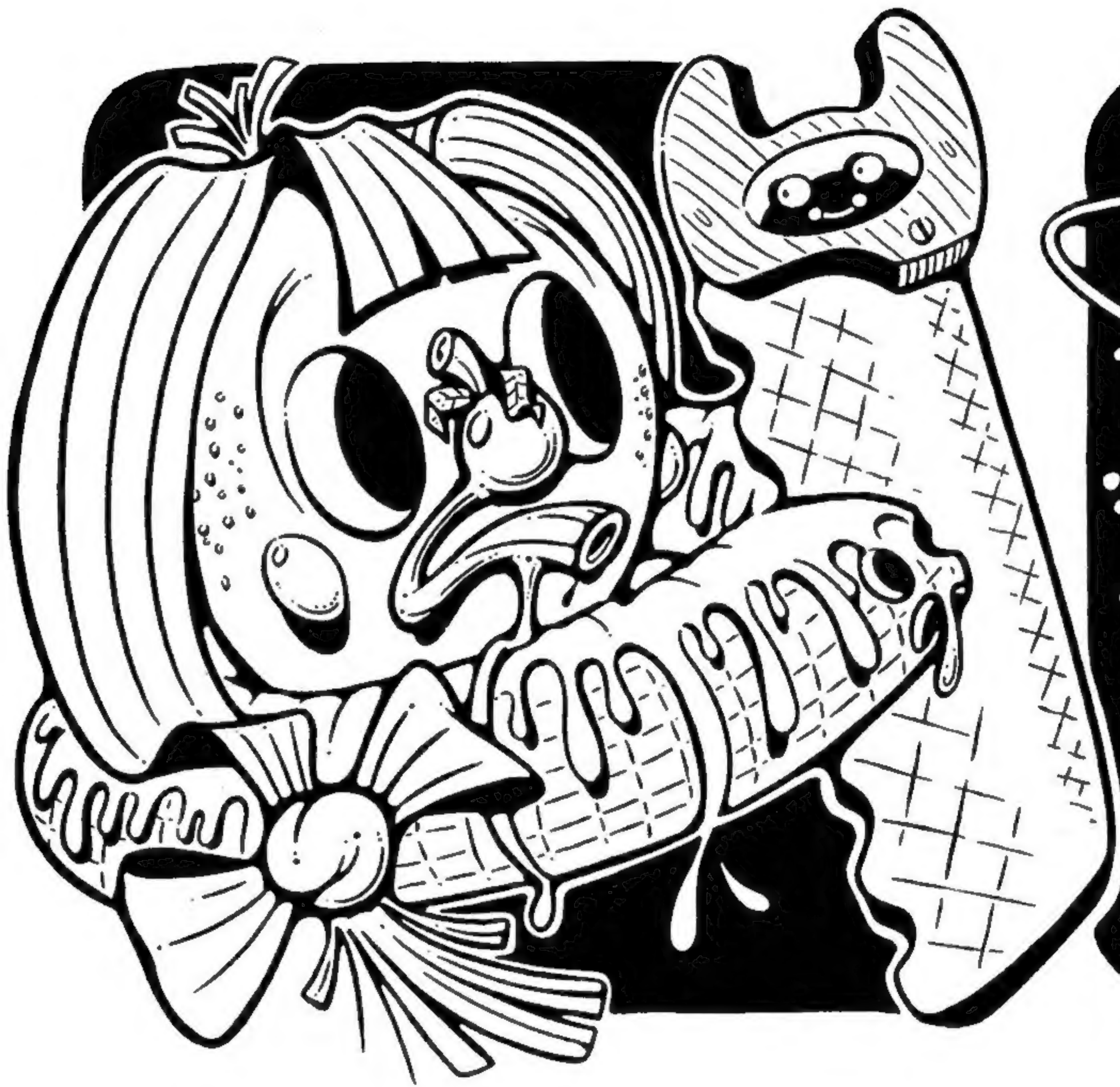
In his travels he encountered a welcoming black-hole, inflated with celestial air. He passed through it easily, then on through a star, just as if neither were there.

The star was made of vanilla soft-serve ice cream. It's thawing had become astrally drastic. 'Inverness' even passed by a garden hose quasar, all tangled and made of green plastic.

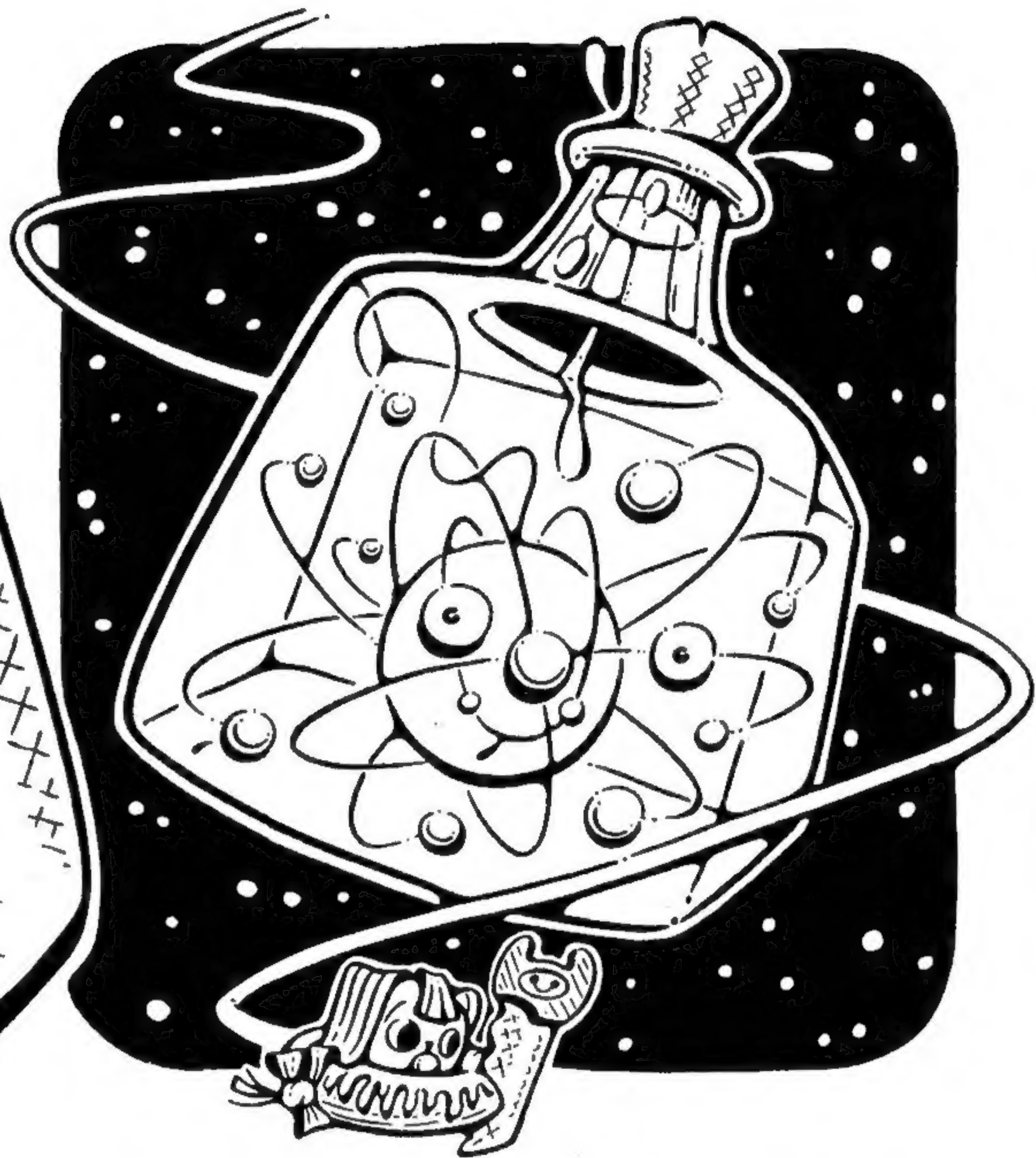


He believed he was passing through an asteroid belt which were girls on closer inspection. Each one rode on their respective foods, mostly vegetables but one a confection.

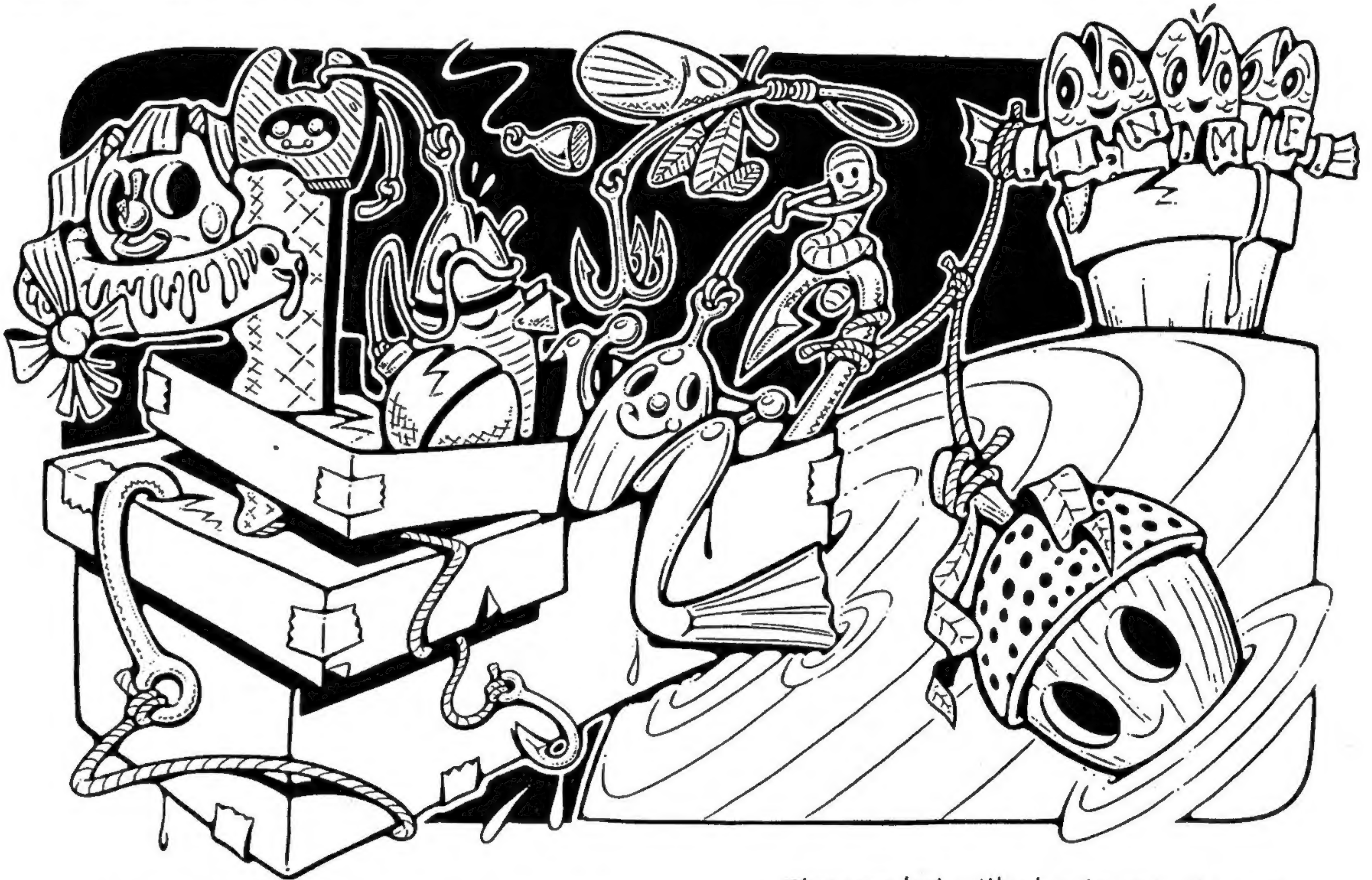
One of the girls rode on an apple-spice donut. They called that girl 'Weatherette'. She sailed on a celestial wave from a sopping nebula and managed to never get wet.



'Inverness' drew too close to the licking girl, and dunked her sweet donut in pain. Needless to say 'Weatherette' wasn't very pleased. She found him devilish, clumsy and vain.



Too weighty to hold orbit they faltered through darkness and spiralled down dangerously near to an insignificant universe in an unrecycled bottle that used to pour aftershave or beer.



They perforated a cardboard shoe box lid that was in quite a soggy state. It was a makeshift tacklebox full of lures, hooks and flies and bait.

They were lost without rations in this wet, landless place - barely managing to stay afloat. So they traded a hook and a discarded acorn for directions from three girls in a boat.

About The Artist

Steven Cerio has spent over two decades relentlessly documenting a universe devoid of death and decay. His work is most often identified with the elaborate, “polished” line-work and “reflective, germ-free, sugary shine” that led to a decade-long, ongoing collaboration with San Francisco-based, performance art group, **The Residents**.

After a quick stop at Jacaeber Kastor’s iconic gallery, *Psychedelic Solution*, Steven worked as a freelance artist in New York City before relocating his studio to scenic Baldwinsville, NY. He is currently an adjunct professor at Syracuse University and is busy working on a variety of projects including: a book, a new gallery series of painting and sculptural work as well as a selection of prints exploring a range of experimental approaches. He recently released his first film *The Magnificent Pigtail Shadow*.

His comics and art have also appeared in *Last Gasp Comics & Stories*, *Buzzard*, *Exit*, *Hotwire Comics*, *Juxtapoz*, *La Monstrueuse*, and *SWAG: Rock Posters of the ‘90s*. Steven’s newest collection of comics—*Sunbeam on the Astronaut*—will be released by Alternative Comics in Fall 2013.

